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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—*Speaking the truth in love.*

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Au Courant.

A GREAT deal of correspondence has been going on in various quarters about a proposal to found permanent local orchestras, supported by the rates. The proposal is not likely to come to anything practical. Nor is this to be regretted—at any rate from the point of view of the ratepayer. That long-suffering individual is already suffering enough in his pocket from the free-this-and-the-next-thing faddist; and it is not at all probable that he would consent to burden himself with the heavy cost of a concert hall, a "permanent orchestra of recognised ability," a "really capable conductor," and so on. It is not the duty of municipalities to provide snug jobs for conductors and instrumentalists; and there can be no justice in a scheme which would make the whole body of ratepayers provide music which only a comparatively small section could appreciate. No, no; we have gone far enough when we have provided free reading for a public which does not think literature worth paying for. Music *may* come in time, but that time is not yet.

SOME instructive particulars are just coming to light regarding the price of new instruments bought by orchestral players, on account of the French pitch movement. Amongst the highest sums mentioned are £32, which Mr. Vivian's new flute has cost him; and a bill of over £50 to Mr. G. Lebon, for an oboe and cor anglais. This will give some idea of the great tax upon instrumentalists involved in the proposed change. It is being absurdly maintained in some quarters that there is no difficulty about altering the pitch of existing wood-wind instruments; but if any instrument maker should be so foolish as to attempt the alteration, it is pretty certain that no good conductor would tolerate the result in his orchestra. An altered flute or clarinet is not good enough even for a street band. Germany has, like Belgium, gone through the process of adopting the French pitch. In that case it happened that some German makers offered to alter the instruments of the military bands in a satisfactory way; and the result was so bad that many of the bandsmen bought new instruments out of their own pocket money rather than play upon instruments of such wretched intonation. We are not likely to commit such a mistake here, but it is time that we had heard the last of this cry about the possibility of adapting old instruments to the new pitch.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS, it is now announced, has decided to produce the new Hibernian opera, *Shamus O'Brien*, by

Professor Villiers Stanford, before the opening of the regular season. The work is to be thoroughly Irish in character, style and melody. Dr. Stanford has made a careful study of his country's music, old and new, for the special purpose. There is so little enterprise in the way of English music that we ought to give a ready welcome to an Irish opera, and it is to be hoped that Professor Stanford's work will turn out a success. There was much artistic effect in his earlier operatic work—*The Veiled Prophet* for example—but so popular a theme as *Shamus O'Brien*, with its picturesque suggestions, ought to prove quite inspiring. Sir Augustus has already engaged some of the artists. Among them will be Miss Kirby Lunn, a clever mezzo-soprano from the Royal College of Music; also the bright soprano, Miss Eva Bedford, from the same institution. It is intended to have as many Irish vocalists in the cast as possible.

THESE were wise words of advice uttered by Professor Prout at the I.S.M. Conference to the young composers who like to batter the public ear with the whole artillery of the modern orchestra. The Professor had been sketching the development of orchestral methods as illustrated in the works of the great masters of this century, with a view to showing that the chief improvements or expansions during that period consisted not so much in the adoption of new instruments as in new modes of treatment and combination. He pointed to the tendency of increased richness and fulness, as displayed in the works of Wagner and Berlioz, and declared that he doubted if these were an unmixed advantage. Professor Prout's doubts are probably shared by a large number of musicians throughout the country. Over-elaboration is one of the curses of our latter-day instrumentalists, and it is to be hoped that young composers will pay some heed to the advice given them, and for the future content themselves with a smaller canvas. The painter who exhausts all the resources of the colour box is not always the best artist; and the young composer should certainly study to attain his effects by the use of limited materials, especially when elaboration is not proper to his subject.

WHILE some of our prominent brain-workers are banning the piano as an invention of the devil himself, it is interesting to note that Mr. John Morley actually finds the instrument a help to his meditations. Not long ago the rejected of Newcastle was a guest at a friend's house, where there was also visiting a young lady who was a good amateur pianist. One morning the hostess said to her, "Mr. Morley is at work in the library. He likes music. Would you mind playing the piano in the parlour? I'm sure he would appreciate it."

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The young lady played for nearly an hour. That afternoon, when Mr. Morley met her, he said, "You stopped playing this morning just in the middle of *Tristan*. I wanted very much to ask you to go on. Wagner is a favourite of mine. I like to hear good music when I work. Far from disturbing me, it is a genuine assistance to my thoughts." Mr. Morley's favourite composers, it seems, are Wagner and Chopin.

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DR. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE must really take care that he does not meet with the fate of the frog in the fable. Recently he went down to Brighton to fraternize (professionally) with Dr. Sawyer there, and in the course of one of his so-called funny little speeches he declared that although Dr. Sawyer had been to Germany he was very "green" when he first came to him as a pupil in 1876. The only good Sawyer did while at Leipsic, according to Bridge, was to fall in love with the charming young lady who is now his wife. Dr. Bridge thinks that to be a cathedral organist is eminently respectable, and no doubt he is right, for most musical fossils are "eminently respectable." He believes further that he is sure to get more money out of his "Crossing the Bar," than Mackenzie and Parry will ever get out of all their choral and orchestral works. Lucky man! Would it be cruel to remind Dr. Bridge that the composer of "Nancy Lee" made more out of that song than Schubert made out of "The Erl King" and all his other immortal songs put together? But perhaps the doctor was in one of his flippant moods at Brighton.

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HERR W. KES, Mr. Henschel's successor as conductor of the Scottish Orchestra, is not pleasing some of his critics with his programme. For one thing, he never by any chance includes a bit of English music. A Scottish musician, who has been keeping a record, says that in seven classical and five popular concerts there has not been a single orchestral piece by an English composer; and there has been only one vocal solo by a native, and that was sung in Italian! It is possible, of course, that Mr. Kes does not think English music worth performing; but it is more likely that he knows nothing whatever about it. In any case, he is probably wise in sticking to the names that orchestral conductors now find they can best conjure with. The public asks for Beethoven and Wagner, and for the rest it prefers to show its musical patriotism in—talk. When Mr. Manns tried a concert of English music at Sydenham he was left to play to empty benches, and it is only natural that other conductors should learn something from his experience.

* * *

THE London Standard Theatre seems to go in for some curious operatic performances. Some weeks ago there was an "Oriental Operatic Company" there, and one of the things produced by this company was a so-called "Hebrew" lyric opera founded on incidents in the lives of King David and King Saul. The music was not original in the ordinary sense of that term, but it was highly original in the way it was put together. It was merely a selection from popular German songs and scraps from Italian opera, etc. The incongruous effect may be imagined, says a writer who was present, when the high priest, Abimelech, sings the popular melody, "When the swallows homeward fly," as a sacred chant! Equally strange must it have been to hear Rossini's "La Carita" employed as a finale to an act of a Biblical opera. But a large

Jewish and foreign audience accepted the fantastic work and its partly Hebrew and partly German libretto with the utmost favour; and when David came forward carrying a gigantic head of Goliath, the Hebrew audience broke into raptures of applause, becoming as excited as Italian opera-goers of the old school. But what was the Lord Chamberlain doing when he allowed this outrage upon John Bull's religiosity?

* * *

THE American *Churchman* is concerned about the conduct of church choirs in the land of the stars and the stripes. One of the native bishops has issued a circular to the clergy and choir-masters of his diocese, in which he utters a severe reproof against the behaviour of the choir-boy. This is the *Churchman's* text; and while the writer admits that the boys are often unruly enough, he declares that their conduct is much better than that of the once popular mixed choir which, being generally stationed out of sight in the west gallery, had simply a high old time of merriment and flirtation whenever they were not engaged in the service. The writer goes on to tell us that he was once an organist in a church where it was the regular custom for the ladies and gentlemen of the choir to leave the organ loft during the sermon and refresh themselves with ice-cream in a neighbouring restaurant. That was "on hot summer nights." What took the place of the ice-cream when the thermometer got into low spirits we are not told, but doubtless the whisky bottle had its innings then.

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SOME interesting particulars as to operatic taste in these days may be gathered from a little work just published by Max Friedländer, which gives with great accuracy and completeness the number of performances of all operas played in Germany during 1894. *Cavalleria* heads the list with 515 performances; but Mascagni's phenomenal success with this work is considerably qualified by the comparative failure of *Freund Fritz* and *Die Rantzau*, which only count 27 and 9 performances respectively. Next to the *Cavalleria* comes *Hänsel und Gretel* with 469 performances, closely followed by the *Pagliacci* of Leoncavallo with 467. These three works are so far ahead of all others as to form a class by themselves. "Proximius, sed longo intervallo" comes the *Freischütz*, and then *Lohengrin*, the figures for which are 275 and 270, then *Tannhäuser* (223), *Il Trovatore* (206), *Martha* (217), and *Faust* (204). These are the only works which have had over 200 performances, but Nessler's *Trompeter von Säckingen*, Smetana's *Verkaufte Braut*, and Bizet's *Carmen* have nearly reached that number. *Fidelio* has been given 149 times, which is a better score than might have been expected. Some English writer should now get together a similar record of operatic performances in this country. It should not be a difficult task considering the few tours in which operas are given, and the result might be instructive in many ways.

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A CONTEMPORARY tells us that in October last a certain artist desired to make an arrangement with the Paris editor of the *New York Herald*, to the end that her doings in America might promptly and fully be made known in Europe. The Paris editor not only declined, but published the singer's letter, with some comments of his own. He should not have done so, and he would not have done so had he reflected that the development of women has extended even to the defence of another. "A Woman" promptly felt it her duty, "as



a woman," to resent the editorial "insult." She told the editor he was personally a coward, and that his paper did not circulate beyond its few advertisers. Will it be believed that the incorrigible man published this letter? The notion is good, but it is not new, for the *Saturday Review* had already done something of the kind when it published the private letter of a certain foreign fiddler, who had written to the editor enclosing a laudatory notice of himself which he wished to have printed.

* * *

SOME people don't know the way to shake hands, but that is not the case with Paderewski, if we are to believe a Transatlantic reporter. It is a double lever hand-press. It brings tears of exquisite emotion to the eyes of strong men. It was after one of his recitals, a coterie of musicians were enthusiastically shaking hands with themselves and with Paderewski. In the height of the inspiring moment the pianist seized the reporter's hand from above in a quick nervous grasp, like the shutting of a rat-trap. Then he turned on the pressure while he said a few pleasant and informal remarks, with unmoved countenance, in very creditable English. The first shock knocked the reporter speechless, and there was no letting go. Paderewski cordially wrung the limp and crushed hand and shook it up and down while he talked, turning on the alternating current to emphasize his remarks. Then he gently and carefully dropped the mangled remains and the reporter fled. Paderewski's hands are more muscular than a professional pugilist's. He shakes hands with the same verve that he plays "The Erl King." There is nervous force, electrical energy, tenacity and grip in Paderewski, if his handshake is a criterion. Well, that is better anyway than a flabby paw placed against your hand like the fin of a fish.

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By the way, there has been rather a bad epidemic of Paddymania in New York lately. An American contemporary asks plaintively when and where this Paderewski boom is going to end. It is becoming worse with every season. The women are more absorbed in worshipping at the Paderewski shrine than ever. The craze is growing, and no one with an ordinary prophetic eye can tell where it will stop.

* * *

THE coming season of the Philharmonic Society is to be strong in pianists. Sophie Menter, D'Albert, Reisenauer, Rosenthal, Sapellnikoff, and Paderewski are all in the prospectus. Dvorak will appear and conduct some new works of his own; while Mr. Cowen, having patched up his quarrel with the Society, will conduct the first performance of a new ballet suite, expressly composed for the Philharmonic. The other notable novelties to be produced this season will be Borodine's Symphony, No. 1, in E flat; a new Scottish fantasia, for pianoforte and orchestra, by Sir A. C. Mackenzie, which will be played by Mr. Paderewski; Edward German's new Suite in D minor for orchestra. Mr. Johannes Wolff will introduce a new violin concerto, specially composed for him by the late Benjamin Godard.

* * *

Two volumes of the correspondence of Von Bülow, edited by his widow, have just been published in Leipzig, the story of his life thus being brought down to 1855, when he was a young man of twenty-five. We now learn that as a child

Bülow had five attacks of brain fever, which may serve as an explanation of the nervous excitability of his character. His boyhood, we are told further, was embittered by the constant quarrelling of his parents, a state of matters which ended in their divorce in 1849. Two more volumes of this correspondence will be published in the autumn, and they promise to be even more interesting than those we now have. It is to be hoped that an early English translation of the complete work will be published.



The Art Song.

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DR. COWARD gave an interesting lecture on the above subject at Sheffield lately. The following extract may be read with profit in connection with Sir A. C. Mackenzie's recent tilt against the words of the modern royalty ballad:—

The term, art song, said Dr. Coward, though known among musicians, had not yet been used in print. It meant a song in which the music is artistic, or, in other words, which delights the ear, charms the heart, satisfies the intellect, and elevates the taste. These features can be secured by a good melody, by the harmony, by the various harmonic devices, imitations, sequences, by-play in the accompaniments, etc. To be artistic, however, these features must grow naturally out of the sentiment of the words, for if introduced merely for effect, they produce the same feeling of disgust as is provoked by painted cheeks—pretty, but unreal, a sham. This was the reason why Meyerbeer's music is condemned; it contains effects produced at the cost of artistic propriety. Another necessary to an art song was good words. Art songs were generally to be found in oratorios, cantatas of good repute, and a few operas. As a rule, operatic music is not good, and, as a result, Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and other prolific opera composers were now practically forgotten, while Gluck's two or three operas live, as will those of Wagner, and Gounod's *Faust*. Operatic audiences have always had the lowest standard of taste of any section of human beings calling themselves musical. They generally have a gross appetite for anything so long as it is not intrinsically good. If the music be good, the people have to be forced to accept it by various forms of persuasion; and the operatic composer who attempts any kind of artistic thoroughness has to look forward either to failure, or to the disagreeable task of insisting on being heard. This music was only exceeded in badness by the songs heard at "The Halls," and which were equalled, as a rule, by the singers. No doubt the high taste that prevailed in Yorkshire was due to the people's familiarity with oratorio. To improve the taste, Dr. Coward advised the study and cultivation of songs from works. He pointed out that there are some good utility songs, which, though not art songs, were well worth having, because everybody was not yet equal to taking songs in the highest form, and these were good training songs. He drew the line at such compositions as "The Song that Reached my Heart." The following songs, which the lecturer said would stand the test of close examination, were then given: "O Bid your Faithful Ariel Fly" (T. Lindley); Sullivan's "Sleep, my Love, Sleep"; Sterndale Bennett's "Maydew"; "The Wanderer" (Schubert); "She Wandered down the Mountain Side" (F. Clay); "Thy Remembrance" (Cowen); "Solveig's Song" (Greig); Gounod's Serenade; Goring Thomas's "Swallow Song."

Musical Life in London.

WE are all accustomed to speak of musical life in London as though it were a stream in which all who wish may dip; but it would be apter to compare it to a row of pumps under one or another of which those who wish may hold their heads. And the pumps are worked by the agents. Occasionally, to continue the figure, an artist may endeavour to spout his stream of music upon the public head without the agent's channel; but in such cases the public generally keeps its head well out of the way, or puts up its umbrella. And the greatest artists and the smallest alike go to the agents; the big men because it is the easiest way, and the little ones because they cannot get at the public in any other way. The system has its advantages, and it has its faults; but these we will consider so soon as we have seen who the various agents are, and the manner in which they conduct their business. First then amongst them is

MR. N. VERT.

A good deal of curiosity is felt in some circles as to the constitution of the firm so-called; but in the absence of any evidence whatever, we are bound to believe that Mr. Vert is the firm and the firm Mr. Vert. There is no authority in the world for believing that Sir Joseph Barnby has anything to do with it, or Mr. Joseph Bennett, or Mr. Maybrick, or Mr. Edward Lloyd, although these names have all been mentioned at one time or another. For my part, I decline to accept any vague rumours which may have been inspired solely by a wish to damage either Mr. Vert or the gentlemen I have named. Mr. Vert is a middle-aged gentleman of imperturbable politeness; a splendid business man, astute, prompt, self-controlled, capable of long endurance, and, what is more wonderful, capable of getting up a great deal of enthusiasm for the artists he "runs." Amongst these one of the chief is Mr. Edward Lloyd, whose business Mr. Vert has managed for many years past. He also runs Richter, and I believe he looks after the interests of the Bach Choir. He has also at various times taken up young artists and done his best for them. I place Mr. Vert first, for he is the oldest of the agents. Next after him comes

CONCERT-DIRECTION DANIEL MAYER.

It cannot be denied that it was a good thing for the musical world that Mr. Daniel Mayer came on the scene. Naturally, when an agent has his hands full of the business brought, say, by a successful tenor singer, he is not disposed to do quite so much for a younger and less popular man as would be done by an agent whose hands were not so full. Mr. Vert, having Mr. Edward Lloyd and Stavenhagen (for example) on his hands, could hardly be expected to take up, say, Paderewski or a young tenor singer. But Mr. Daniel Mayer when he started had no Stavenhagen and no Edward Lloyd, and there was no reason why he should not, and every reason why he should, try his luck with the artists of the younger generation. That he did try his luck, and that the cards turned up favourably, every one knows. The result has been the general quickening of musical life caused by the introduction of fresh blood. The agency business all round has been benefited. Mr. Mayer is Paderewski's sole agent all the world over; and he is also sole agent for many of the most promising of younger artists, and by this we mean not only artists whose names are

still in the making, but those who are already "draws," though they may not have acquired the fame of an Edward Lloyd. And besides these Mr. Mayer is agent for established people of the first rank, so that altogether one would not be sorry to have the income his business at 224, Regent Street, must bring in.

MR. ALFRED SCHULZ-CURTIUS

did not commence his present business as an agent for some time after Mr. Mayer, although many years ago, we believe it is correct to say, he did a certain amount of agency work. It was he who brought over Richter, and he introduced a number of foreign singers to the public; and he has for some time, I believe, acted as the English representative of Bayreuth. But he only seems recently to have set to work seriously. He was for a time connected with the firm of Concert-Direction Daniel Mayer, when he moved into Avenue Chambers, Shaftesbury Avenue, and organized the stupendously successful Mottl concerts. As other conductors beside Mottl—Levi and Siegfried Wagner—were brought over, the name had to be changed to Wagner concerts; and now, as the programmes are often not much more than half Wagner, another change will have to be made. At the same time, seeing that Mottl is, was, and always will be the main tower of strength, it seems a pity that his name should not be kept. Mr. Schulz-Curtius is German by birth, but he is very much Anglicized. He is incurably and incessantly polite; knows every one, and is known by every one in the musical world. He has a pet scheme, or is said to have a pet scheme—I am bound to be safe, for the rumour may be untrue, and as it would not do Mr. Schulz-Curtius any harm, he might take an action for libel—of building a Wagner Theatre on Richmond Hill. If this is actually the case, I will wager any reasonable amount that some morning the astonished inhabitants of Richmond will rise from their couches, look from their windows, and see the English Bayreuth an accomplished fact. For Mr. Schulz-Curtius has an awkward way of plodding and working out of sight for years, until he achieves some plan on which he has set his heart.

The only musical life which can go on for long is that which puts money into the agent's pocket, and the only control the public has over it is that which it exercises through paying for this, or refusing to pay for that; and the only control possessed by the artist is that which lies, that which depends, on the power of attracting the public. This might seem an admirable plan, calculated to provide the public with exactly the thing it wants; but in practice it works out differently. For the agents have their own notions of what the public likes or does not like; they have the power of taking up or refusing to take up certain species of artists; above all things, they are human and imitative. Instead of eagerly seeking to know what the public wants, Agent A, seeing that Agent B has scored a success by running the foreign, long-haired pianist, Whackem, looks out for a pianist who can out-whack Whackem, and advertises and generally runs him; Agent C imitates B, and so on throughout the list of agents. Generally all except Whackem prove failures, and then the agents learn that this is not the card to play. But this lesson demands time, and during that time the public can hear little else than pianists, of a species of which they are heartily tired. Then an inventive spirit finds a new "catch on," and he works that to death in turn. Now this in itself is bad enough, but one result of it is worse. This is the keeping up of high prices. For as each agent hopes that his particular man (or woman) will prove an unheard-of draw, he

has no desire to lower prices—in fact, in some cases, when the draw has been proved, prices have been raised. And so long as the present system of agencies continues, so long will music be so high priced as to keep the mass of Londoners out of the concert halls and drive them into the music halls. Which may be a very good thing for those who go to a concert as to a social function, but is certainly anything but a good thing for those who wish to hear as much as possible of the best of music, and for those who wish to earn their livelihood by playing or singing in England.

It is not easy to suggest a better plan than our present one. In fact, it is impossible. We must therefore take things as we find them, hoping that in the fulness of time wisdom will come to the agent, and he will lower his prices, and seek less after a fresh "catch on," and by making the concerts under his direction more agreeable affairs convert the concert hall into a worthy rival of the music hall. At present, so far as the mass of English people is concerned, the music hall decidedly has the better of it.

There are several other agencies besides these; for we believe that Mr. Farley Sinkins carries one on, and then there is Mr. Healey. Messrs. Chappell also act as agency, but, of course, this branch of their industry is overshadowed by their publishing and musical instrument department. Now the

system has many advantages and many disadvantages, which we shall review next month.

A writer in our December number, when noticing a performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, by the Queen's Hall Choir, incidentally made a very uncomplimentary and quite gratuitous and superfluous reference to a reciter who, he stated, had taken part in the performance of *The Dream of Jubal*. Our attention has been called to this, and we must express our regret that, owing to the pressure of work entailed by getting out our Double Christmas Number, we should have permitted such an observation to get into print; and we regret that this should have happened for two reasons. First, it appears to have given offence to an elocutionist of deservedly high reputation; and we beg to say that the writer of the observation emphatically repudiates the suggestion that it was intended to apply to this gentleman. Secondly, it was intolerably rude, and, we venture to think, quite as great an outrage on our readers' feelings as it could possibly be on the gentleman—whoever he may be—to whom it was meant to apply. For these reasons we beg to withdraw the observation unreservedly, and to apologise to the gentleman who thinks it was intended to apply to him, to our readers, and to the unknown reciter for whom it was perhaps intended, but who, we suspect, is a gentleman who has never taken any part in *The Dream of Jubal*.

Mr. Wilson Barrett at the "Lyric."

"THE SIGN OF THE CROSS."

It is well that the title of Mr. Wilson Barrett's new play strikes the keynote of the drama he has written, and prepares the spectator for a piece of serious, absorbing interest: for of ordinary amusement or entertainment there is absolutely nothing. He takes us to Rome in the time of Nero, holds us there, and under the spell the calm modern aspect of the Christianity we profess vanishes, and the real crucial test of the early Christians' faith, living amidst the wicked luxurious Roman world, for the time becomes actual, causing us to tremble in sympathy. There are no long waits, and we sit entranced and silent as this picture of Christian courage and purity unfolds before us. This new departure is characteristic of Mr. Wilson Barrett in its daring and convincing earnestness, and the interest gradually waxes to the tremendous climax when the great Roman noble chooses martyrdom in the arena with the Christian girl who has conquered him by her beauty and innocence and constancy to her religion even unto death.

The plot is familiar to all readers of historical fact and fiction. Briefly the Christians are wrongfully accused of various crimes; the highest authorities and the basest scum alike persecute them for hatred or for lucre, or, in Nero's case, for craven fear. Marcus, a noble Roman, is captivated by a beautiful Christian girl, Mercia, and all his subsequent actions spring from that overmastering passion. As prefect of Rome, he is chosen Cæsar's agent to exterminate the Christians; but this one girl he will save by any and every means, proudly relying on his own power and influence, spite of his malicious enemies, and the bitter and furious jealousy of other women. Nero would have spared the girl, whose life was so passionately implored by his favourite noble. Poppœa and Berenis, however, are bent on her destruction, and all his efforts are vain.

Roman life in its stately splendour and its lowest dregs is

depicted, and in contrast to it all is the simple, lowly yet lofty life of the Christians.

The grouping and stage pictures are very beautiful and admirably thought out; the illusion is perfect, and reveals the work of a great actor and true artist. The acting is good all round, the prominent figures being Marcus Superbus (Mr. Wilson Barrett); Mercia (Miss Maud Jeffreys); Stephanus, a young, loving, and sensitive lad hero; Poppœa, his wife; Berenis, a beautiful woman, madly in love with Marcus; and Tigellinus, the persecutor in chief. Marcus carries us away by the passionate love, scorn, and vehement entreaty which one after another literally possess him. Mr. Barrett looks every inch a Roman patrician, and his resonant voice rings in our ears and thrills our hearts. After him we incline to give highest praise to Miss Haidee Wright, whose conception of the faithful boy for the moment overpowered by the torture was most powerfully rendered. The subsequent revulsion and self-loathing, the longing for death, yet horror of the arena, was as truthful a bit of acting as any in the play. We heartily welcome Mr. Wilson Barrett back to London, and hope the success of this play will ensure a long stay in our midst. His presence among us is always for good; we may trust him to do the highest work in the best manner, to hold us enthralled, and send us away thoughtful and shaken out of the matter-of-course indifference which too often benumbs our inner life. The Biblical quotations show unerring tact, judgment, and reverence, and as an incentive to goodness, the *Sign of the Cross* holds its place with the most eloquent sermon ever heard. One word in closing as to the musical arrangements. As of old, we have to thank Mr. Edward Jones for interesting composition; the Christian singing is exceptionally good, and the performance of the orchestra far above the average.

M. S. W.

The Impressionist.

PIANISTS may broadly be divided into three kinds: those who have no fingers, those whose fingers get in the way, and those who are all fingers.

Of the last it would be hard to find a better specimen than the redoubtable Moritz Rosenthal, probably the most highly developed specimen of "all fingers" that has been seen (and heard). It is a comfort that he is being recognised as a finger-hero pure and simple, notwithstanding the bold advertising dodge of a famous conductor. The MAGAZINE OF MUSIC has done its fair share—and perhaps others' fair share as well—in settling Rosenthal's true position.

To the above three types an exception occurs about once in a generation to drive home and make the rule absolute. Such were Liszt, Rubinstein—perhaps Henselt—and now "the only" Paderewski.

News from America relates that the last—Paderewski—is having another immense "boom"; in fact, Paderewski seems to create a "corner" in pianoforte playing just at present in the land of our cousins of the stars and stripes, a sort of monopoly in the suffrages of the piano public, which enables him to win all along the line. We are told that the sale of tickets for the first recital at Carnegie Hall had to be closed by the police, because the crowd in waiting actually became riotous in their demonstrations. We are further told that the shouting and screaming inside the hall by way of applause was terrific. All of which recall the many stories of Liszt's triumphs when the staid German girls rushed on to the platform to obtain the remnants of the wires Liszt had broken in the excitement of his play, later to be turned by cunning jewellers into bracelets.

Liszt, you may not remember, or may not know, was called "God's scourge over Erard's pianos," a noble-sounding title, with a suggestion of Attila about it. The Erard "grand" was not in those days possessed of anything like the resisting qualities of the present noble instrument. Either Paderewski, or the more pugilistic Rosenthal, would find a foe worthy of his biceps if he undertook to furnish disabled piano wires from a modern Erard to each and sundry of his admirers, ultimately to be twisted into elaborately mounted ornaments for the adornment of their fair persons.

Perhaps if Paderewski *could*, by severe training and a strengthening "Bovril" diet, accomplish this feat, we should not hear so many stories of quotations from his "Minuet" being embroidered on feminine undergarments; may be there would be a Piano-strings *versus* Petticoat partizanship. Well! hooray! Anything for variety.

Black and White has been interviewing M. Auguste van Biene, the 'cellist. M. van Biene came to London with his 'cello and his little savings to "make his fortune." After trying hard—but failing—to obtain a place in one of the numerous theatre orchestras, he says that he often waited outside them at night, hoping that the poor 'cellist might fall ill,

and he be called in to play in his stead. M. van Biene continued: "But I could not obtain work, and all my money was disappearing. I was proud, but I was hungry, and so I played in the streets at last. Oh! it is a terrible thing to confess, but I paid my way. And it brought me good fortune, too: Sir Michael Costa heard me one day, and after that I played in the orchestra of the Italian Opera."

A terrible story indeed, and the reflection arises: To the one that succeeded, how many failed!

I mentioned last month in my Impressionist notes that the Leipzig town theatre had issued a regulation forbidding ingress during a performance. Now the news comes that at Bremen an association of theatre-goers has been formed to obtain the same regulation. May the waves of this reform reach London!

The *Boston Herald* has been giving us some notes on Patti's personality which do not in the least coincide with our previous conceptions of that lady's character. Here is what her first husband has to say of her: "What I most admired in Adelina was her absence of affectation. And, like herself, her singing is still the most unaffected thing in the world."

Now really we had all thought that the Marquis de Caux admired only one thing about Adelina, and that was—her money! But there, we live and learn!

The *Herald* goes on to print some really too utterly absurd story about Patti and the Prince of Wales; but then, some people will really believe anything, and America is no worse than perhaps ourselves. I once had a friend who was an assiduous collector of newspaper cuttings; I really think he would believe anything as long as it was in print. He once showed me a cutting from an American source of what purported to be the utterances and opinions of Eugen d'Albert, and to which his name was boldly appended. The opinions on Liszt's as compared with Tausig's piano-playing were very startling, and amused me much. Although at much pains to do so, I could not convince my friend that, as D'Albert did not leave England until after the death of his reputed father (Tausig), he could not have heard him play, so that his opinions as to the relative value of Liszt's and Tausig's playing were of little value.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie has been "going for" the British ballad in his presidential address to the Incorporated Society of Musicians. "Feeble stuff" he designates it. That's good, but it is not strong enough.

Mark Hambourg has announced the first of a set of piano recitals. Do not neglect to go and hear him; he has had an unprecedented success in Australia.

I have recently been reading a book which caused me much amusement. Strange to say, although recently published (1892), it seems to be very little known—it rests in a well-merited oblivion. Like "Hummel's Pianoforte School," and other works that occasionally appear, are briefly reviewed and forgotten, it was still-born. It is called "Letters of a Leipzig Cantor," and is by Moritz Hauptmann. Some of the opinions on the three heroes—Wagner, Berlioz, and Liszt—read so comically that I really can't refrain from quoting.

"Franz Liszt has been here. I am pleased to have had the experience; I could not have imagined it was *so like pistol shooting*" (!) "Berlioz & Co. (how expressive the Co. is!) have talent, but they lack the artistic sense."

Of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* he says, "The overture . . . utterly hateful, inconceivably stupid, long, and tiresome. . . . The artistic vocation of any one capable of writing and publishing an overture like this seems to me very doubtful." *Tannhäuser* "is not music at all. . . . Wagner is more of a conjuror than an artist. I doubt if *one* of Wagner's compositions will survive him!! Even now he is obliged to attend in person if any of his operas are to be given!!"

Grove supplies a commentary. He (Hauptmann) died at Leipzig January 3, 1868, loaded with decorations and diplomas.

A story about Pauline Lucca, the once famous operatic singer, who now leads a retired life, employing her time in teaching. One of the most capricious and fascinating of singers, she is said to be the subject of the only scandal ever attached to Prince Bismarck's name—a scandal innocent of good cause, but which created a wonderful stir at the time. It had its birth at Ischl, where Lucca was spending a summer. Bismarck was also there that summer thirty years ago. Lucca

was in her first prime, young, beautiful, gifted. Bismarck, like the rest, admired her, and one morning as he stepped out of his door he met the pretty *prima donna*, who asked him to accompany her to the photographer's. Bismarck was not without chivalry, and fair woman was not to be disobeyed. He went, and there they each gave the photographer several sittings, and finally in a spirit of mischief Pauline suggested that they should have their picture taken together. Bismarck consented. He sat in one chair, and Pauline in another, and the photograph was taken. Ten days later the shop windows were full of copies of this particular photograph. The great statesman at once saw what an indiscretion he had committed. The picture sold like wildfire. The photographs, of course, were suppressed as soon as possible, but it is said that a dozen or two remained in circulation, and are as valuable to-day as the edition is small.

Very pretty.

What a show of pianists at the forthcoming Philharmonic series, six of best foreign extraction (made in Germany?). What an unique opportunity for some enterprising editor to arrange a *plébiscite* as to their respective merits!

Long odds in favour of the Chrysanthemum Pianist.

✦ A Paganini Reminiscence. ✦

IT has been said that he who loves children can't be a bad man, and if there is any truth in the remark, Paganini must have been less black than he has sometimes been painted. He had a little son—the man who has just died—whom he wished the world to know by the high-sounding names of Alexander Cyrus Achilles, though at home he was content to call him simply Achillino. A friend once called to take Paganini to the theatre, where he was to play at a concert in the evening arranged between the acts. This is the description the friend gives of how he found him:

I went to Paganini's lodgings, and I cannot easily describe the disorder of the whole apartment. On the table was one violin, on the sofa another. The diamond snuff-boxes which sovereigns had given him were, one on the bed and one of them among his child's toys; music, money, caps, matches, letters, and boots pell-mell here and there; chairs, table, and even the bed removed from their place, a perfect chaos, and Paganini in the midst of it. A black silk cap covered his still deeper black hair, a yellow tie loose round his neck, and a jacket of a chocolate colour hung on him as on a peg. He had Achillino in his lap, who was very ill-tempered because he had to have his hands washed. Suddenly he broke loose from his father, who said to me, "I am quite in despair; I don't know what to do with him; the poor child wants amusement, and I am nearly exhausted playing with him." Barely were the words out of his mouth, when Achillino, armed with his little wooden sword, provoked his father to deadly combat: up got Paganini, catching hold of an umbrella to defend himself. It was too funny to see the long thin figure of Paganini in slippers retreating from his son, whose head barely reached up to his father's knees. He made quite a furious onslaught on his father, who, retreating, shouted, "Enough, enough! I am wounded!" but the little rascal would not be satisfied until he saw his adversary tumble and fall down vanquished on the bed.

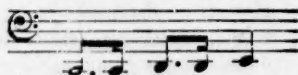
But the time passed and we had to be off. And now the real comedy began. He wanted his white necktie, his polished boots, his dress-coat. Nothing could be found. All was hidden away. And by whom? By his son Achillino. The little one giggled the whole time, seeing his father with long strides travelling from one end of the room to the other seeking his clothes. "What have you done with all my things?" he asked. "Where have you hidden them?" The boy pretended to be very much astonished and perfectly dumb. He shrugged his shoulders, inclined his head sideways, and mimically indicated that he knew nothing whatever of the mishap. After a long search the boots were discovered under the pillow-case, the necktie was lying quietly in one of the boots, the coat was hidden in the portmanteau, and in the drawer of the dinner-table, covered with napkins, was the waist-coat! Every time Paganini found one of the missing objects he put it on in triumph, perpetually accompanied by the little man, who was delighted to see his father looking for the things where he knew they could not be found; but Paganini's patience with him was unwearied.

The little hero of this incident was the son of Paganini and a Como lady, the cantatrice Antonia Bianchi. Of this lady, Paganini himself tells us that, after many years of a most devoted life, her temper became so violent that a separation was necessary. "Antonina," he says, "was constantly tormented by the most fearful jealousy. One day she happened to be behind my chair when I was writing some lines in the album of a great pianiste, and when she read the few amiable words I had composed in honour of the artist to whom the book belonged, she tore it from my hands, demolished it on the spot, and so fearful was her rage that she would have assassinated me." To this termagant Paganini left an annuity of £60. And yet he has been charged with a lack of generosity!

Saul and Goliath set to Music.

LAST month, in dealing with Mr. Shedlock's History of the Pianoforte Sonata some reference was made to a set of curious Bible Sonatas, by Johann Kuhnau, an excellent musician, who preceded Bach as organist of St. Thomas' at Leipzig. Since then Mr. Shedlock has published with Messrs. Novello the first two sonatas of the set, and we are now able to judge for ourselves to what extent the composer was successful in this very early attempt at "programme music."

The first sonata, in C major, deals with the combat between David and Goliath. The opening section is a bold piece of writing, intended, as we learn from the superscription, to represent the bravado of the Philistine. Here is the "Goliath theme," upon which the whole of this section is built:



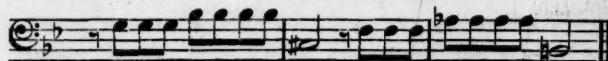
After this we have a section in A minor, in which the terror of the Israelites on beholding the giant is represented in restless quavers, while a chorale floats above to typify the prayer to God of the terrified Israelites. Next comes a simple, graceful little pastoral movement expressive of David's courage, and "his longing to humble the pride of the terrible enemy; also his confidence in God." Then we reach the encounter itself—"the dispute between them, and the contest," as the composer puts it. The heavy tread of the Philistine is heard in the bass, while semiquaver passages evolved from a figure in the preceding movement, evidently portray the spirited youth. When the critical moment comes, the composer does not forget to point it out. Over the following bar he has placed the superscription, "The pebble is sent by means of the sling into the forehead of the giant":



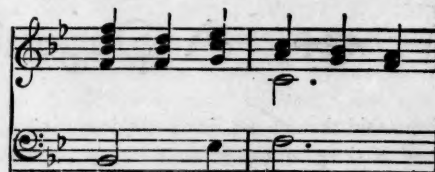
That seems to be realistic enough! During the first "hold" the pebble would be getting into the sling; during the second the giant would be holding his head! The "Goliath falls" are equally realistic, and just a trifle ridiculous, in spite of Mr. Shedlock's assertion to the contrary. Rapid semiquaver passages with points of imitation picture the flight of the Philistines before the massacring vengeance of the Israelites. After this there is a bright movement to express "the joy of the Israelites at their victory." Maidens then advance, singing and playing in honour of the victor; and the sonata ends with a stately minuet while the people are dancing with joy.

In the second sonata we have a very different picture—a picture of which we had already learned something for the short analysis in Spitta's Life of Bach. It is given up to Saul, and is intended to show how the melancholy of that monarch was driven away by David's music. There are one or two realistic effects, such as the paroxysms of madness of Saul, and

the casting of the javelin; but as Mr. Shedlock remarks, the subject is one which readily lends itself to real musical treatment. It begins in the mournful key of G minor, revelling in ingeniously combined and melancholy harmonies. Saul's sudden burst of madness is most energetically expressed by an involved descending passage of demisemiquavers over a long-held chord of the six-five. Spitta specially mentions the beautiful dimly, brooding theme of the fugue which is attached to the first movement, and which, of course, stands for the melancholy of the king. Here is the first half of this fine theme:



Of course the term "fugue" is not to be taken in its strict sense here; the movement rather partakes of the character of a free fantasia, for in the course of it we have David preluding on his harp, the "javelin" episode, and the paroxysms of rage, in which, by the way, the composer has daringly used consecutive fifths to depict the disordered mind of the king! The second movement is a "Refreshing melody from David's harp," the following being part of the soothing theme:



At first it is not heard in its entirety. To use Mr. Shedlock's words, the sweet singer of Israel plays it, or sometimes only the first two bars, in various keys, and with varied harmonies, as if watching the king and trying the effect on him of different modulation. Besides in the principal key, it appears several times, and in succession, in the relative minor, then in the minor key of the supertone. The key of the subdominant enters with refreshing effect; after that a return is made to the principal key, which continues until the close of the movement. At intervals the figure changes, as if to denote the restlessness of the king. And as the character of the music, especially towards the close, suggests *piano* and *pianissimo*, it would seem as though intended to express the gradual healing power of the music. At length the sounds of the harp cease and a closing, peaceful and dignified movement in G minor tells of Saul's now tranquil state of mind.

It will take the modern musician some little time to get over the hybrid character of the music in these Bible Sonatas but they cannot fail in ultimately giving pleasure to every intelligent player. As Spitta remarks, much of what seems odd to us, and which gives a peculiar flavour to our enjoyment, was certainly not planned to that end by the composer. He set about his task quite gravely, and we ought to go through his work gravely too—if we can!



How to Practise.

VENETIANISCHES GONDELLIED.

MANY of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, which, as every one knows, were originally written for the pianoforte, have been arranged with good effect as solos for other instruments. The definite and regular melody which runs through many of them, thereby justifying the title which the composer applied to them, renders them especially suitable for this treatment, and the exquisite song under notice, if played with true taste and feeling, will be especially acceptable in its present form. Written in Venice, in 1830, it is one of the few of his *Lieder* to which Mendelssohn gave a name. To the practised performer the solo part will present no serious difficulties, but it will be found an excellent study in sustained notes and tone gradation, the whole secret of which, of course, lies in the skilful management of the bow. Mark well the opening *sforzando* note, and let the long sustained D, commencing in the following bar, die away almost to silence. The melody proper must enter softly but *distinctly* on the last note of the seventh bar. The passage marked *scherzando* is very effective, especially if the dotted minim G, bar 26, be sustained very softly, so that the answering notes upon the piano may be clearly heard. Make a good *diminuendo* at bars 32, 33, and 34. On the last note of the latter bar (34) the melody recommences, but quickly ceases again; and after a repetition of the long-drawn-out wail with which the song opens, the sounds seem to die away in the distance, till all is still again. The accompaniment, which represents the rhythmic stroke of the oars, will require careful playing. It must be quiet and subdued throughout.

MINUET IN G MINOR.

A minuet is an old-fashioned dance of French origin and of stately character. This little movement, which for greater simplicity has been transposed from the key of F sharp minor, will make no great demand upon the young pianist's skill. As in all pieces of its kind, the accent must be carefully observed and clearly marked, without, however, having recourse to the absurdly extravagant but by no means uncommon method of playing the first note in every bar *forte*. Do not blur the notes in the *arpeggio* chords; let each one be distinctly heard. Play the passages of imitation vigorously and distinctly, and let the syncopated notes in each part stand out strongly. Be careful to use the pedal only when marked. Although the metronome time marked is rather quick, do not forget that this little piece requires graceful and elegant, rather than

brilliant playing. At the last four bars, where the dancers and their music seem gradually to fade in the distance, the effect of the *diminuendo* will be heightened by a slight *rallentando*.

NOCTURNE, OP. 32, No. 2 (Chopin).

It is to John Field we owe the term "Nocturne" as applied to quiet, dreamy compositions for the pianoforte, which served as models to Chopin for the exquisite specimens he left us. The two Nocturnes, op. 32, have always been favourites, and harmonium players will not fail to appreciate the arrangement of No. 2, Lento, in A flat, for their instrument, to which its quiet, sustained character seems well suited.

RECITATIVE, "O, DIDST THOU KNOW."

AIR, "AS WHEN THE DOVE LAMENTS HER LOVE."

This favourite air from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, like many of the great master's songs, depends largely upon the singer for its effect. Not that it is what would be usually understood to be a difficult song to sing. On the contrary, so far as compass and the notes generally are concerned, it is well within the powers of any ordinary soprano vocalist; but there is that smooth, even flow about it which demands, for its proper rendering, perfect control of the breath and a pure *cantabile* method, which is even less frequently met with than a fine voice. The simple-looking opening phrase of four bars (the comma after the word "dove" is a mistake, and no breath should be taken here) with its upward skips of a sixth on the words "dove" and "love," will prove too much for many a young singer. All those skips which abound throughout the first part of the air must be sung as smoothly as possible to avoid a "jolly" effect, which is as absurd as it is disagreeable. Then there is that rather long run on the top line of the third page, which must be given without the least apparent effort, and without hurrying the time in the smallest degree. All this requires careful study and training. The second part of the air seems, at its opening, to call for a little more life; but it soon settles down like the first part, and becomes almost irritatingly tender and placid. It is this smooth, even character which makes Handel's simplest songs difficult to sing effectively. In the hands of any but experienced vocalists they are generally dreary and monotonous. "As when the Dove" will, however, furnish our young singers with an excellent study in *cantabile* singing, which I hope they will not be slow to avail themselves of.



New York Better.

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THE musical life of the large cities of the world differs in many points, a difference which is as pronounced and characteristic in New York as that of any of the musical centres of the world. The assertion that New York can claim to rank with Paris, Vienna or Berlin as a centre in musical activity may cause our trans-Atlantic friends to shrug their shoulders in doubt or bring a patronizing smile to their lips, yet the fact remains that New York has made wonderful and dominant studies in music and all that pertains to music in the past decade: her "quotations" on matters musical will govern the world as her Wall Street quotations are beginning to govern those of the financial world. The characteristics of the New York musical season are, six months of intense and brilliant music, given by the very best artists of the world. New York does not look to America for artists to interpret her music: that will come later, when we are older and all our energies are not given up to subduing the vast stretches of our land. New York wants the best, in music as in other things, and for that purpose she ransacks the cities of Europe for the best singers and performers, and always with the same result—that she gets them. We hear so much in these days of living and working for art's sake alone, of the blighting and degrading effect of money, yet it is somewhat singular that the Pattis and Melbas, De Reszkes and Plançons, Rubinstains, Von Bülow and Paderewskis have all been tainted and defiled by this leprous disease—the love of American money, for it is American money that is loathed and scorned the most; and there should be a society formed to prevent the bad, wicked American manager from tempting these simple, innocent artists with such alluring terms. It shows that the genius of the present day have caught the commercial spirit of the age, and with their work for art's sake have combined the practical habit of working for the artist's sake as well.

And the knowledge of this fact in no way interferes with our enjoyment of their work: on the contrary, it increases our respect and admiration for them, for music and for ourselves, that they have a fat pocket-book and a large and ever-increasing bank account. And that this bank account is larger than the most of us will ever possess gives us no concern nor envy.

The season in New York begins in the early part of November with the first of the orchestral concerts by the two local organizations, the Philharmonic and the Symphony, together with the one visiting organization, the Boston Symphony Orchestra; but the season cannot be said to be fully inaugurated until the middle of the month when the Grand Opera begins its series of brilliant performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. When this has happened, the city is flooded with numberless concerts of all grades of virtuosity and talent, from the invitation concert of the embryo artist making his or her initial bow to the public, to the packed and overflowing houses which greet that sunflower of the musical profession, Paderewski. At the first Philharmonic Concert, November 16, the following programme was performed, M. Franz Ondricek being the soloist: Toccata F major, Bach; Concerto for violin op. 53, Dvorak; Faust Overture, Wagner; Airs Hongrois for violin, Ernst; Symphony No. 1. B flat, Schumann.

The Ernst number drew down upon the head of M. Ondricek a flood of severe criticism from the critics of all the great city dailies, and justly too. While such a composition may have its use, yet that use does not seem to be on the programme of the Classical Philharmonic Concerts. The musical world would be richer could the thoughts of M. Seidl, the great Wagner conductor, have been put on paper as he conducted this work. The second concert of this orchestra, December 14, was a Beethoven anniversary, and Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler was the instrumentalist, and Clementine de Vere-Sapio the vocalist. The programme was a most interesting one, and could not fail to please the most devout Beethoven worshipper. It began with the *Egmont* overture, and ended with the Seventh Symphony, while between these two came the piano concerto in E flat No. 5, Minuet and Fugue from Quartet op. 59 No. 3 for string orchestra, and Scena and Aria, "Ah! Perfido."

The first Boston Symphony Orchestra concert, November 15, had as soloist, Madame Melba, who sang the Handel aria, "Sweet Bird," with flute obbligato and the Mad Scene from Thomas's *Hamlet*. The remaining numbers of the concert consisted of the E flat symphony No. 3, Beethoven, the Minuet and Waltz from Berlioz' *Damnation of Faust* and the "Kaisermarsch" of Wagner. At the second concert, December 19, Mrs. Adamski played the Scotch Fantasy for violin by Bruch. This popular violinist is the concert-master of the superb body of musicians over which M. Emil Pauer presides, and he was greeted with such applause and gave evidence of the high appreciation which the sincerity and devotion he gives to his art should entitle him to. Haydn's Symphony, No. 13, Tschaikowsky's Fantasia for orchestra, *Francesca da Rimini*, and the preludes to Acts I. and III. from Richard Strauss' *Guntiani* completed the programme.

The twenty-third season of the New York Oratorio Society (M. Walter Damrosch, conductor), opened, November 23, with Handel's *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso* and Dvorak's 149th Psalm. Mr. Damrosch is on a western tour with his German Opera Company, so his brother, Frank Damrosch, took charge of the chorus and orchestra. Whether it was owing to this change in the conductors, or lack of sufficient rehearsals, the performance was by no means a smooth one, and certainly did not add to the reputation which this Society has justly earned for earnest and sincere work.

M. Frank Damrosch's own chorus, the Musical Art Society, gave its first Concert, December 12, and M. Rivarde, a new violinist, assisted, rendering Bach's "Ciaccona" and Saint Saëns "Concertstück." The chorus numbers were Palestrina's *Stabat Mater*, Brahms' Motett op. 110, No. 3, a madrigal from Walter Damrosch's opera, *Scarlet Letter*, and "Thron der Liebe" by Cornelius. The Opera Company has entered the oratorio field, and have made a great success with their Sunday-night concerts. The first to be given was Sunday, December 15, when Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was given, the soloists being Nordica, Kaschman, Plançon, and others of the troupe. Nordica made a great success of the "Inflammatu,"—as much as any of her rôles in opera.

Paderewski has appeared in a number of concerts of his own and with different societies. He gave his Polish Fantasia with orchestra on December 7 at a concert of the New York Musical Society, and won honours both as a performer and a composer.

He gave two piano recitals November 9 and 16, and an extra one December 14, together with an orchestral concert, at which he gave his *Fantasia*. He comes back with more of the artist in him than ever, and it is impossible to tell the limit of his ability as performer and composer. In a recent interview he expresses a desire to retire from public performances. Such a step would be a loss to the entire musical world, and we trust that it will be a long day before he takes such a step.

The Sunday evening concerts are getting to be a great feature of New York life, and their success can be attributed to the very fine artists engaged, the classical yet popular programmes given, and the exceedingly low prices of admission. These have contributed to make the concerts a success artistically and financially, and the manner in which they are patronized by the public gives evidence that they are filling a long-felt musical want.

The opera season opened November 18 with *Faust*, and a better performance and a more brilliant audience have never marked the opening night of a New York opera season than were recorded with this performance of Gounod's most beautiful opera. Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and Saturday *matinées* are the regular subscription performances. Thursday nights an additional series of Wagner operas are given, and Tuesday evenings are devoted to opera, in Brooklyn. Saturday nights are given up to operas at popular prices, and they have met with a ready success. These performances differ in no way from those of the subscription nights, as all the great artists appear, and the list of operas given on these popular nights include *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Faust*, *Lohengrin*, and others. Altogether there is every promise that New York will enjoy this year a season of opera, orchestral concerts, oratorio, and chamber concerts such as has never been given here before.

INSLOW.



Berlin.

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AN English-speaking audience assembled in the Sing-Academie on the evening of December 30, to hear what was advertised as an "Englisches Concert." It was given by Charles Villiers Stanford, Leonard Borwick, and Plunket Greene, with the assistance of the Philharmonic Orchestra. Two works of Stanford's appeared on the programme—a Symphony, op. 56, and a piano concerto in G minor. The symphony proved to be an interesting work, but its performance left much to be desired, the Philharmonic Orchestra being a rather lazy organization, requiring a great deal to wake them up. Not but what the *ensemble* is always good enough, but the indifference of each individual player had a very bad effect on the whole rendering. Leonard Borwick played the piano concerto well, and the applause which followed was deserved by both composition and rendering. Plunket Greene made quite a success with his English songs, but made a great mistake when he tried to sing some Schumann songs as encores. His voice also was hardly suited to sing in a small place like the Sing-Academie; one could notice that he was accustomed to singing in large halls.

His *forte* is splendid, but the stages between that and *piano* do not seem to modulate or be regulated readily; and for this reason, if no other, the Schumann songs were no success.

A Royal Opera Symphony concert without Weingartner!—that is what took place last Friday, the 10th January. It seemed that Weingartner had some days before scratched his hand on some of the decorations in the opera-house, and although the wound healed in twenty-four hours, he was shortly after laid up with blood-poisoning. Kapellmeister was also on the sick list, and the others otherwise engaged. So Karl Halir, the Concertmeister, took Weingartner's place. Some of the critics wrote that the orchestra knew how to play, even if Halir was conducting. To tell the truth, he has none of the graceful movements of a man accustomed to directing; but some of his conceptions were grand and original. But then Halir is so stout, it is hard to imagine him as a graceful leader, especially in the place of Weingartner, who is so long and thin. The Beethoven *Coriolan* overture received a very dramatic reading, but the remainder of the programme—consisting of *Symphonie Pathétique*, Tschaikowsky; *König Lear* overture, Berlioz; and the Mendelssohn A major Symphony—did not develop anything extraordinary, although well played.

On the 10th took place, in the Sing-Academie, one of those concerts for which every ticket is sold in advance. The drawing power was exercised by Johannes Brahms, who came to Berlin to assist in a concert given by Eugen d'Albert and his new wife, Hermione. The programme consisted of the Cherubini *Abenceragen* overture, Brahms' *Akademische Fest* overture and two piano concertos and the Senore Aria from Beethoven's *Fidelio*. When Brahms came forward to direct his overture, the audience went wild; in fact, during the whole evening everybody seemed disposed to applaud. D'Albert played the concertos in his usual manner, and his wife sang her aria very well; she was re-called several times, the ladies of the audience apparently being very much interested in the woman who had played such an important part in D'Albert's household of late.

Jean Gérardy was the soloist of the last Nikisch concert (January 13th). He played the Lindner concerto and had quite a success. In the concerto he seemed somewhat nervous, and his playing was not nearly so expressive as in the rehearsal the day before. The orchestral part of the programme contained a new work performed for the first time: *Wanderung Suite für Orchester*. It is programme music, and the movements were named as follows:—I. Gebirgsgruss. II. Sibelle und Wasserfei. III. Erinnern und Träumen. IV. Tanz. V. Abendfrieden und Heimweg. On the whole the work made a good impression. Throughout the whole concert everything seemed to be lukewarm, even the *Freischütz* overture lacked brilliancy and fire. The Schubert unfinished symphony, however, was beautifully played; it was the gem of the evening.

We have had any quantity of violinists this season. Since Burmester's success they have sprung up like mushrooms. Two might be mentioned as good and promising: Petschinskoff and Serato. The first is a Russian, and has had the most success. He has a wonderfully sympathetic tone that is his peculiar charm. Serato is, as his name would tell any one, an Italian (Bologna). He has passion, fire, and plays really perfectly in tune, which can be said of very few string players.

C. W. K.



Mlle. Irma Sethe.



IF there are any surroundings that conduce to conversation, surely these are to hand in a quiet nook, a sort of Eastern boudoir, in a suite of rooms where lights gleam and music, good music only, is the order of the day. Here, where the rays from fireplace and jewelled lamps fell on smouldering brass work and rich drapery, I met and talked with the striking young violinist who has just paid her first visit to our shores.

"You talk, and I will listen," I said boldly to her, "for I am full of curiosity. How is it we have never heard you before over here?"

"You see, I am only just a full-blown professional."

"But I am told that you used to represent your master Ysaye at the Brussels Conservatoire."

"I was only there eight months altogether, but that is true. I used to take some of my master's pupils for him, and so on. I was fifteen at the time."

I pictured Mlle. Sethe with her hair down, in short frocks.

"You took Ysaye's pupils at fifteen?" I scoffed. "And you mean to say that they obeyed you?"

She drew herself up.

"Certainly. I had them all sorts and ages. Some grown up men amongst them. Oh! yes; I wasn't a bit shy of teaching them. I had to punish one of my pupils once."

"Poor fellow!"

"Oh! no; he really was such a bad pupil."

"And so you left the Conservatoire so soon? Where then have you attained to this?" I pointed to the Guadagnini which lay in its case on a chair.

"Work,—gradual, steady work. I began to hold a violin when only six years old. My mother, who, by the way, had

trained before her marriage for grand opera, was at the time seeing a good deal of musical people, among them Herr Jokisch, and he became my first master. I was taken to Germany for a trip some four years later, and then I met Wilhelmj. He has been so kind. Did you see him at St. James's Hall two nights ago, when I played for the first time in England? He gave me a violin when I was ten, and encouraged me tremendously. Nervous? No; I am not naturally nervous. I never remember having been nervous till the other night. You see, in Brussels it is different, and except in Brussels I have played but little. The other night it was a distinct ordeal. You see, London is a great place. A performer sinks or swims. The *début* stamps the performer. I couldn't help feeling that."

"And so your home is in Brussels."

"A little way out. My father has what you English call a 'country house.' It is delightful there. Somehow I never wanted to play publicly before this. There is so much to learn, and mercifully I did not have to earn bread and cheese while I was being educated. It has all been so gradual. My mother says 'There are many fiddlers, but to be an artist is a different thing.'"

It is curious that on the Continent the word "Geiger" has superseded the more genteel term violinist, even as in English we now use the word fiddler when we talk of a great virtuoso. "Violinist" nowadays smacks of the suburban.

"What is an artist?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell you. Is there a recipe for it? It is such a rare thing, and it must comprise so much. One can only work towards it. A great deal is expected of those who profess any art nowadays; it is not enough to play one's instrument well, to know one's own particular subject. One has to touch many other things."

"And do you like gaiety? do you like going about, society, a stirring life?"

"Is gaiety frivolity? The travelling is all to come, you see. I made one brief visit recently to Germany, but that was chiefly non-professional, a sort of preliminary. As to society, there is plenty of coming and going in the home near Brussels. We are all interested in some art or the other. It brings one nice friends, the right friends, congenial spirits. When I take to longer professional flights, I shall yet always go back to my home to refresh, to recruit. It is delightful there in summer, with flowers and books and work. I never tire of this." Her hand rested lovingly on the violin. "One is never satisfied, never!"

"By your face, when you came to the 'Double Sarabande' in your recital programme, I can see you are a Bach enthusiast."

"What violinist is not? It is because one never comes to the end of Bach."

"Whom did you see in Germany? Joachim for one, I am sure."

"I had the great good fortune. What a wonderful man he is, apart from his art! Always the same, great and generous and helpful. I treasure up his words to me *a propos* of a concerto for two violins I was trying over with him. 'Play as you feel; do not imitate me.'"

"He is one of the few who can draw the individuality out of others. You went to Cologne among other places?"

"Yes, in a few weeks we had done a great deal of travelling. One musical authority gave us introductions to another, and

so on; we had many kind invitations, my mother and I. One was a sort of 'surprise party.'"

I give the English equivalent for the more sedate German word she employed.

"It was at Cologne, and the great ecclesiastical authority of the place invited us to go and see him at the palace, the Gürzenich, you know. We went up, thinking just to make a call, and there were all the famous people in Cologne gathered together, and I had to play to them. I enjoyed it tremendously. And the funny part of it was that all the German musicians used the same term for expressing their

approval. When I had laid down my bow, they each said, "Vorzüglich!" So quaint and dry!

"Where is she?" said voices. The clock struck 12.

There was a rustle of silks, and our hostess entered with Madame Sethe.

"She is here," I said, rising regretfully. "Cinderella is here, and I am just taking care of her till the prince comes."

But there was that in Madame Sethe's genial smile that seemed to say:

"That is my affair."

A. M. RAWSON.

The Makers and Purveyors of Musical Jokes.

It must be a matter for wonder with many persons as to who are the originators of many of the far-fetched and often ridiculous stories circulated about famous musicians, stories that, once in circulation, seem to crop up with the regularity of the "hardy annual," and ever with the name of a different famous musician attached, generally the reigning favourite of the hour. Some of these stories stand the strain upon their freshness fairly well, others the reverse; some are amusing, others only ridiculous, often containing, as they do, gross technical errors. A curious one of this latter description appeared once in the pages of a certain rather well-known and very self-inflated American music journal. The writer of the story gives us a picture of Bach performing for that *tootling* monarch, Frederick the Great. In the midst of Bach's performance dinner is announced by the court chamberlain, and Bach, hastily leaving off playing, with Frederick and his courtiers adjourn to the room where the repast is laid. No sooner are the company seated than Bach abruptly rises and, returning to his former place at his instrument—followed by the king and his courtiers, who wonderingly watch him—strikes one single chord, and without a word returns to his seat. When pressed to explain why he behaved in this curious manner, Bach, the story runs, delivered himself thus-wise: "When the court chamberlain's announcement came, sire, I was playing in the key of C, and left off on the chord of the dominant seventh. The discord was left unresolved, so I was obliged to hurry back and let the poor little B natural have its C!" All of this is very pretty, no doubt, but it would seem that not only was the writer and inventor of this harmless little bit of tarra-diddle somewhat weak in the veriest rudiments of theory, but his editor was likewise. Not so long since several jokes were in circulation, the parentage of which was attributed to M. Paderewski. We were told one story in which figured a great critic—great, that is, in Poland, but elsewhere unheard of—who, in a discussion with the great pianist, maintained that nothing had been written since Mozart equaling that composer in freshness and simplicity of inspiration; that he was inimitable, and that nothing to equal his compositions was now written, etc., etc. Paderewski pretended to agree with his friend, and asked permission to play him a little thing by Mozart that was not generally known. After the performance the critic expressed himself as delighted, and again expressed his conviction that it was impossible to compose such nowadays; to which Paderewski replied that that was

unfortunate, since the work just played was a little piece extemporized by himself to deceive his opponent, and demonstrate the fallacy of the great critic's assertions. That piece was Paderewski's now famous *Minuet*. Like the previous story, very amusing, no doubt, but—the Polish colouring of the trio of *Minuet* alone would brand the story, whilst one glance at the cadenza would convince any but the most grossly ignorant that the story had been "cooked" by a paragraphist. Another which has recently been fathered on the great pianist is much more witty than the generality of such things. It has been attributed to Planché amongst others. Planché, by the way, is, I believe, the pianist to whom a certain king, after listening to his performance, is reported to have said, "Yes, sir! I have heard Rubinstein, I have heard Liszt and Chopin, and all the greatest pianists, but never have I heard a pianist who perspired more than you do!" The other story runs thus. A certain lady, satisfied that her daughter had great talent as a pianist, determined to get Paderewski's opinion upon her playing; and at length her assurance enabled her to obtain permission for her daughter to play to the famous artist. After the performance she asked the great pianist for his candid opinion, when he replied, "I think, madam, your daughter must be a very charitable girl!" "Charitable, M. Paderewski! Why charitable?" "Well," he replied, "surely her left hand knoweth not what her right hand doeth."

Stories such as these might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. One recalls the description of a concert given by Weber in Halle. All the accessories are picturesquely put in; nothing is wanting for a dramatic effect; but immediately the writer comes in contact with a question relating directly to music, one is undeceived, and when one finds that the composer-pianist is made to play a composition not then in existence, one ceases to believe anything. There is a pretty generally known anecdote about Liszt and Chopin, which has never been found to have any basis on fact. It has been adopted by many in an entirely unreserved manner, more especially by those who, disliking Liszt's music, would *wish* to believe anything that does not altogether redound to his credit as a man. Mr. Joseph Bennett is a case in point. He has, in his silly and biased biography of Chopin, adopted the story without—in spite of its great improbability—attempting to question its authenticity in any way. I give the story in all its details, as it is a fair specimen of the high art of anecdote writing and inventing. The scene was at Nohant, and Liszt one evening was asked

to play. He played a piece of Chopin's. Chopin was present, and Liszt, during the performance of the piece, extemporized some embellishments. The composer became impatient, and at last, unable to restrain himself any longer, walked up to Liszt and said, with his English phlegm, "I beg of you, my dear friend, if you do me the honour to play a piece of mine, to play what is written, or to play something else. It is only Chopin who has a right to alter Chopin."

"Well, play it yourself!" said Liszt, rising from his seat a little irritated.

"With pleasure," said Chopin.

Five days after, the same friends were all assembled once more in the same place. Liszt asked Chopin to play, and had all the lights put out and the curtains drawn to; but, when Chopin was going to the piano, Liszt whispered something in his ear, and sat down at the piano in his stead. He played the same composition Chopin had played on the previous occasion, and the auditors were again delighted. At the end of the piece Liszt struck a match and lighted the candles which stood on the piano. Of course there was general astonishment to find it was Liszt and not Chopin who had been playing. "Is it you?" they exclaimed. Whereupon Liszt remarked to



Michael Brown

FRANZ LISZT.

At that moment a moth fell into the lamp and extinguished it. Chopin did not wish it relighted, but played in the dark. When he had finished, his delighted auditors overwhelmed him with compliments, and Liszt said, "Ah, my friend, you were right! The works of a genius like you are sacred; it is desecration to meddle with them. You are a true poet, and I am only a mountebank."

Chopin replied, "We both have our genre."

The historian then continues. Unfortunately Chopin boasted of it, and, speaking of Liszt, said, "How vexed he was!" When Liszt heard of this, he determined on revenge.

Chopin, "You see that Liszt can be Chopin when he wishes; but could Chopin be Liszt?"

The astonishing thing about this story is that Chopin biographers do not seem to have seen that Chopin appears in almost as unamiable a light as his rival. Niecks, however, entirely discredits the story; and we may safely place it with the many fictions of the book-monger's or paragraphist's brain amongst the thousand and one stories fabricated about eminent musicians, and which as often as not are malicious inventions, having no foundation—or, at least, very little—in fact.

Franz Liszt, Composer and Artist.

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PROBABLY few musicians have ever lived a life of more variety and interest to a general reader than Franz Liszt. Here and there a virtuoso or singer, or even a composer, such as Gottschalk or Vincent Wallace, may be found who has more widely left the beaten round of travel marked out by custom for musical artists in the past. I doubt, however, if any such can show a life of more absorbing variety and picturesque detail than Franz Liszt. For many years—and, even now, to some not inconsiderable extent—Liszt's reputation was that of an altogether exceptional pianist, an artist whose amazing virtuosity, combined with a wonderful power of expression, gained for him the title of "King of Pianists." Of late years the attention of music lovers has been turned more from "Liszt the Pianist" to "Liszt the Composer," and a change would gradually seem to be taking place in the attitude taken towards his compositions by the music-loving public—though perhaps it would be more correct to say that that attitude was taken by the musical press. Liszt's works are performed much more frequently than a few years since. There yet remains much to be done in this direction, however. In England the increase in the performance of his works is confined chiefly to the programmes of pianoforte recitals. We no longer possess a Walter Bache to lead the way for his larger compositions. On the continent, however, the Liszt Society, now a powerful and flourishing concern, regularly gives performances of his greater choral and orchestral works. Thus performances of the *Faust* and *Dante* symphonies, or even of the *Oratorios*, are not at all infrequent, while the symphonic poems would seem to be gradually taking the position of stock pieces in the *répertoires* of many of the most famous orchestral societies, and apparently with ever increasing acceptance. Liszt's personality and his works are subjects of such vastness that it would seem almost impossible, at even a distance of ten years' time, to gain an adequate idea of their importance.

A short sketch of Liszt as a pianist and composer may not be without interest. It is a well-known truism that the child is the father to the man, and in the present case it holds good with more than usual strength. Born at Raiding, near Oedenburg, in Hungary, October 21-22, 1811—the year of a great comet—of an Austrian mother, and a father belonging to a stock of the old Hungarian nobility, he took his first lessons in music from his father at the age of six years.

Amongst the earliest and most indelible impressions of his childhood may be mentioned the performances by the strolling bands of gipsy musicians, which impressions were afterwards to find their expression in the sets of Hungarian melodies published under the title of "Rhapsodies" some thirty-five years later. Of his childhood many charming stories are preserved by his biographers, the number of whom is, generally speaking, in inverse proportion to the capacity shown in dealing with their subject. *Fräulein Ramann*, his most faithful biographer, even in the midst of many vague, and at times irritating, digressions, gives us some charming glimpses.

We are told that "he wrote musical notes much earlier than his alphabet," and that what he composed at the piano he was even then able to put on paper. His enthusiasm, and his vexation at the smallness of his hands, and his consequent inability to encompass any large stretch, are amusingly shown, as when in Hummel's *Fantasia in E♭*, a span of a tenth occurring for the left hand whilst the right, engaged on the upper part of the instrument, was thus unavailable to help him out of his difficulty, he was in despair until the expedient occurred to him of playing the note which disconcerted him *with his nose*.

About this time, when he was about nine years old, such was his extraordinary progress on the piano that he was affectionately known as "The Artist" amongst those whom his talent had brought him in contact with. His first public appearance was for a charitable purpose, but his public career may be said to date from a concert given at Pressburg under the affectionate patronage of Prince Esterhazy, resulting in a subscription being made by six Hungarian magnates to defray the expenses of his education, which—after negotiations with Hummel, at Weimar, had fallen through owing to the latter's prohibitive terms—was entrusted to Czerny and Salieri.

The following years of his life may be briefly passed over to the time of his maturity as a pianist. With regard to his playing, it will be sufficient to quote two authorities, both widely divergent in their views. Let us hear Rubinstein—no mean judge—first, all the more so as we thus get a glimpse of his personality. "Liszt, the poetic, romantic, interesting, highly musical, imposing individuality, with long, shaggy hair, with a Dante profile, with a captivating personality. His piano playing, words are far too poor to describe—incomparable in every way; culmination of everything that pianoforte rendering could require. What a grievous pity that the phonograph did not exist in the years '40 to '50 to receive his playing, and hold it for future generations, who can have no idea of real pianoforte virtuosity." Now let us turn to Chorley, the once powerful critic of the *Athenæum*. "Liszt illuminates every composition he undertakes with a living but lightening fire, and imparts to it a soul of passion or a dazzling vivacity, the interpretation never contradicting the composer's intention, but more poignant, more intense, more glowing than ever the author dreamed of."

Here I will give a little known anecdote illustrating the remarkable generosity of Liszt's character—a generosity that thousands have benefited from, and which almost became proverbial.

Sophie Böhrer, a once famous pianiste who made a great sensation owing to her extraordinary mnemonic powers, and who was even dubbed the "female Liszt," arrived in Lemberg, in Austrian Poland, with the intention of giving some concerts, when she found herself suddenly and absolutely extinguished by the arrival of Liszt himself, who carried everything before him. The result of the perplexed lady performer's concerts would therefore have been *nil*, plus her costly travelling expenses, had not that truly great artist come forward with the

offer to perform in the "Female Liszt's" own concert, and even to play a duo with her for two pianofortes, thus assuring his rival's financial success besides his own.

Whilst opinions are practically undivided as to his playing, the greatest confusion exists as to the value of his original compositions. Liszt probably has had to suffer more abuse than any composer who ever lived on this score. Many will questioningly point to Wagner, but it must not be forgotten that the greater part of the abuse levelled against the latter arose from his own very personal literary writings and the freedom with which he defended his art principles. Liszt on the contrary has left the dissemination of his own works to others, and occupied his literary talent to helping those who most needed it. As to Liszt's methods of composition, one biographer tells us that it was his custom to polish and repolish his great works, and he often spent ten or even fifteen years embellishing them before he was satisfied and had them performed. And who can doubt it when they examine carefully his best compositions?—small and large they are often finished with exquisite care.

The glowing *Waldestrauchen*, the richly brilliant *Etudes* (more especially the three dedicated to Edward Liszt), the exquisitely delicate and beautiful *Consolations*, the varied and passionately poetic *Années de Pèlerinage*, the lovely B minor sonata, the triumphant concerto in E♭, or the more richly sober one in A major; or the exquisite songs, the tender and fervent "Du bist wie eine Blume," the "King of Thule" ballad, or the pathetic "Mignon" *lied*, gems of pure melody, finished with the loving care of a consummate and inspired craftsman. What richness and astounding variety in his pianoforte combinations. What a glow and fervour, what heaven-storming passion, and anon what a bewitching grace and tenderness! All breathes freshness and fragrance, the fragrance of perfume-laden spring. How rarely one smells the lamp or the workroom with its resulting half-stifling atmosphere of wearied combinations. Take the concerto in E♭. What could be more pregnant than its opening proud, chivalric, and almost haughtily, impetuous figure which forces one with it with an irresistible grip; or the Quasi Adagio with its all-embracing loveliness, tender and *enquiring*, rising to a paroxysm of passion on the D♯ 5 measures before the 1st double bar—I would barter any sonata ever written by Hummel or the like for those 5 bars alone; or the lovely *affectionate* melody heard—against a prolonged shake on the piano—in succession on the flutes, clarinets and oboes; then as a contrast the metallic but soft glitter of the allegretto with its rhythmical use of the triangles; or the last movement, the inspiring Alla Marcia, with its metamorphoses of the themes from the Adagio. Enough! A beautiful, a truly original and inspired composition.

Even Liszt's innovations with regard to form are beginning to meet with acceptance by musicians. Theorists, always the last with the exception of critics, are beginning to pay attention to Liszt's innovations. Bulow has somewhere pointed out that it is considered a merit to copy and plagiarise another composer's form, yet his ideas must not be plagiarised—a curious anomaly. We too often go to a performance expecting a certain set thing, and if we don't get it, as likely as not we abuse the composer, as if he were to blame.

Richard Pohl, the famous critic, has pointed out with reference to the truly magnificent Faust symphony that whilst Beethoven's symphonies, including the 9th—the audience on one occasion got up and bodily left the hall before the choral finale—were obliged to be performed many times before they were understood and appreciated; yet Liszt's larger compositions, because we cannot completely grasp them on a first hearing, are treated as incomprehensible rubbish. Let us see what this authority has to say on the Faust Symphony itself, on its performance by the Liszt Society of Leipzig.

"To me Liszt's Faust Symphony is the crowning point after the Beethoven Symphony period . . . properly speaking it is *The Symphony of the Future*. . . I consider the Mephisto movement to be the greatest masterpiece; nothing similar has ever approached it in music." And this is about a work that is almost an unknown quantity in England. A work as great in feeling, beauty, and originality, as it is in grip and picturesqueness. It has been my fortunate lot to have heard this work no less than four times, no small number considering the enormous difficulties it presents. Each time it grows upon one, and each repetition leaves a desire for fresh hearings. I am afraid, however, that unless English concert agents can induce Weingartner to appear in England, a performance of the work under anything like satisfying conditions would be impossible. It would be impossible to adequately discuss Liszt's many-sidedness in the limited space at my command, of his manifold activity as composer, pianist, teacher (Göllerich in his life gives a list of 414 pupils), and *littérateur*. One thing, however, imperatively calls for admiration from us, and that is his attitude to less successful or less talented musicians than himself. Wagner, Rubinstein, Cornelius, Schumann, Chopin, Franz, Grieg, Schubert, Raff, Berlioz, Tschaiakowsky, and many others have all received recognition or help from his unbounded generosity. He was one of the first to play Beethoven's concertos and sonatas in public; Weber's music owes him a like debt. He was one of the first to create a revival of interest in the older compositions of Scarlatti, Bach, etc., etc. Let us, then, in return for his generosity to others, at least treat him with at least an equal generosity, and do everything in our individual powers to obtain for him at least a fair hearing for his compositions.

H. O.



Letters from a Cathedral Chorister.

I.

WELLMINSTER.

MY DEAR GUY,—

You have heard before this that the unexpected has really happened, and that I have left dear old Romney, if not exactly for ever, at least for a good long time, to become one of the "white-robed choristers" (that's what mater calls us) at Wellminster Cathedral. I wanted so much to wish you good-bye, old fellow, before I came away, but had not a minute to spare, so I am going to write you a long letter now instead.

It was all done so quickly, I can hardly believe that I am fixed here in this rusty old place, so far away from home and from you and everybody that's nice. If it hadn't been for Aunt Barbara (You remember her. How we used to laugh at her corkscrew curls, didn't we?) I should never have been sent here. Goodness knows where she got the notion from, but she came in one day full of it. "I have had a letter from Mrs. Sutch; the Dean of Wellminster's wife, this morning," she said. "I hadn't heard from her for years, although we were great friends before she married the Dean. She was Nelly Griffith then—one of the Wanstead Griffiths. Well, she tells me there's a vacancy for a boy in the cathedral choir; and I've been thinking it would just suit Ber. He's got such a sweet voice, you know, that I'm sure if they could only hear him he would be chosen at once." The pater smiled; he was not quite so confident, I could see; and as for me, I had to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth to keep myself from exploding on the spot. But Aunt Barbara had made up her mind, and when that's the case she always scores somehow or other. Of course mater was delighted at the idea, and preached a good deal about turning my talent to account—just as if I *had* any talent for singing or for anything else except footer. However, Aunt Barbara came down with the usual new half-sovereign (she isn't a bad old sort in some things; and it's positively miraculous where she gets all these new half-sovereigns from), and I said I would do my best, just to humour them.

You heard about the trial, as it was called, I expect. I made up my mind before it came off that I should stand no chance, so I rather enjoyed the trip up; and when I arrived at the organist's house, and found five other fellows there all on the same errand as myself, I felt still more certain that, whatever Aunt Barbara may say, my sweet voice would never be heard in Wellminster Cathedral.

The more I think about it, Guy, the more that trial puzzles me. You can just picture us six fellows waiting altogether in a poky little room, with nothing to do but to stare at each other, and wonder which would be the unlucky one. There was a little chap with a white face sitting next to me, who sucked lozenges the whole time, and nursed a great music-book on his knee. He was such a youngster, and seemed so scared at everything and everybody, that I thought I would speak to him, just to brighten him up a bit.

"Do you want to get in?" I asked.

He coloured up and looked so frightened that I wished I had held my tongue.

"Oh, yes; very, very much," he answered, so earnestly that I felt inclined to laugh.

"I'm afraid I don't," I said. "If I had had my way, I shouldn't have been here at all."

This seemed to tickle the other fellows, for they chuckled at each other and then at me, till very soon we were all as friendly as if we had been chums for years.

"I suppose you have got a nice voice," said Paleface timidly to a big fellow in knickers, who had taken possession of an easy chair, and amused himself by now and again kicking out savagely with his right foot, as if he were trying a goal shot.

"Like an angel," was the answer. "I'm known as 'The Nightingale' down our way, and when I sing—" (another kick) "well, everybody else just stops to listen."

Little Paleface looked anxious. "I'm afraid there is no chance for me," he said faintly.

"Not the ghost of a chance, unless—" Knickers reached forward and said something into his ear.

"How much?" we heard the youngster whisper, as he put his hand into the pocket where he kept his money.

Knickers looked round the room and gave a general wink.

"Hush!" said everybody suddenly, for just then the door opened, and two of the fellows were called for, one of them being "The Nightingale."

There was not much more talking, I can tell you. Little Paleface began to look nervous again, and cuddled his big book tight, as if he thought that was nervous too. I felt just a little creepy myself, and I wasn't the only one.

Paleface and I were the last to be sent for. Poor little chap! He was so awfully keen on doing well that he forgot to take the lozenge out of his mouth, and when we entered the room where the trial was going on and he tried to answer to his name, he nearly choked himself by swallowing the thing whole.

He *could* sing, though. I only wish that precious aunt of mine could have heard him. When he had got through a scale and a chant, Mr. Littler (that's the organist, you know) turned to the Dean, who sat in a big chair at the table.

"A nice voice, Mr. Dean," he said, rubbing his hands and looking very pleased.

"H'm," answered the Dean doubtfully. "Unformed—quite unformed."

"Yes, of course, sir. But—"

"Rough in the lower register."

"A shade, certainly, Mr. Dean," said the organist.

"I also observed a tendency to flatten in several places."

"Ah, your ear is so very acute, sir."

"May I try again?" chimed in Paleface, who seemed to smell danger. "Perhaps the lozenge—"

"The *what*?" shouted the Dean.

"The lozenge, sir," explained Mr. Littler. "He says that perhaps the lozenge—"

"Well, what did the lozenge do?" demanded the Dean.

"Slipped down before I knew it, if you please," answered Paleface.

That was enough. The Dean looked furious; the organist stopped rubbing his hands and looked furious too.

"Impious," said the Dean.

"Outrageous," said the organist.

"You can go," said the Dean.

"You can go," echoed the organist, and out went Paleface, music-book and all. He tried hard not to cry, poor little chap; but the tears weren't far away, and I sat there feeling as if I should like to punch some fellow's head for a week.

Then came my turn. Why they should have been so awfully friendly with me I couldn't think; but the Dean shook hands and asked how my people were, and whether I liked singing. I said "No" straight out; and then Mr. Littler wanted to know my age.

I told him, "Thirteen."

"Next birthday, I presume," he said.

I was thirteen last month, but I didn't say so. Perhaps it would have been better if I had. Only when a fellow's monkey's up he can't be too civil, and I *was* nettled at the way they had treated poor little Paleface.

It seemed to me that the Dean and Mr. Littler sat whispering to each other for hours, till I began to think they had forgotten me altogether. At last one of them said, "You are over the age at which boys are generally received into the cathedral choir, but we have decided to make an exception in your case, and to select you for the present vacancy."

When I heard that, you could have knocked me down with a feather. At first I thought they must be making fun of me, but I soon found out it was not so. I asked them if they didn't want to hear me sing, thinking that would settle them, but they said it was not necessary "under the circumstances."

"You have a singing face, my boy," said the Dean, patting

me on the head. (If there's one thing I hate, it is to be patted on the head like a baby.) "Isn't that so, Mr. Littler?"

"Undoubtedly, sir," answered Mr. Littler. "Un-doubtedly!"

"And I know your father quite well," the Dean went on.

"Yes, quite well," repeated the organist.

"But," I began, "I can't sing half as well as——"

"Never mind," interrupted Mr. Littler; "we will try to teach you."

And that was how it was settled.

I needn't tell you how I felt when I went home that afternoon. How I hated Aunt Barbara and her half-sovereigns! How I hated the Cathedral and everybody belonging to it, and wished something would happen to prevent my going, and to put little Paleface into my place.

But nothing *did* happen, and in less than a week I came to Westminster again, this time for good.

In my next letter I hope to be able to tell you how I like a chorister's life. It doesn't seem very lively up till now, but of course I don't know much of the other fellows yet. One of the first form, called Perkins major, is a really jolly sort, though, and I'm going to ask him when I get a chance, how I came to be chosen instead of the little chap with the tip-top voice. Love to all. Your affectionate friend,

BERNARD STARR.

P.S.—I have just asked Perkins major, and he laughed and said, "Don't you know? Paleface's father was a shop-keeper or something of that sort, and your father is a parson, isn't he?" I said "Yes," but couldn't see what that had to do with it. Can you? B. S.

Spanish Art in the New Gallery.

"Nurtured in Convulsion." SPANISH art, as we know it by its splendid architecture, and by the fine fragment or rather short-lived blossom of it as we see it in painting, was "born in bitterness and nurtured in convulsion." The Moors, who, like all the deeply religious portions of humanity, seem to have had a peculiar hatred for, and blindness to, the art of a religion not their own, left nothing of the early specimens they found in their passage through blood and fire to the conquest of Spain. We have to bewail their stupid fury in that case, just as we have to bewail that of the blockheads who, as behoved them, destroyed the art of Greece and Rome hardly less completely. It is true that the Muhammadan in Spain, and the "Christian" in Greece and Italy, learned later to fan into warmth and light the flame of beauty that seemed to have been extinguished. But when the Moor was expelled from Granada by a power as fierce, and one much more intolerant than himself, the Spaniard could never lay hands on any considerable relic of even the poor archaic art the fanaticism of his fathers had tried to feed itself by. The seed of a Spanish school of painting had to be imported out of the bright and flourishing garden of the Italian States, or from the remote, but yet connected, towns of the Netherlands. Here and there a strong and refined picture of religious character is found among the crude attempts of native Spanish painters; but their caste of thought is Italian or Flemish, and these soon ceased coming, as Spain worked out her black destiny with *auto da fés* and Inquisition tortures. But it is difficult to kill the finer qualities of mind even with Inquisitions and death-dealing "maidens," and censors of painting, who tell art

how to repress its efforts in a properly pious manner! And so for a wonder a cheery swift-handed Velasquez arises to make the best use possible of dreadfully stupid and harlequin-dressed royalties! A cheery and industrious Murillo finds content in endlessly painting Annunciations and plain-featured little Spanish urchins; and long after them, with an interval of inanity as blank as the history of its social progress, Spain utters its art-thought by the pencil of a quite modern Fortuny. Bitter enough we might expect a modern and enlightened Spaniard's reflections to be when he reviews the whole history and result of art in his unlucky land. Hardly had it been deprived by the first Christian fanaticisms of such overflowings from the golden chalice of Greek thought and art as the Romans spilled wherever their chariots and horsemen sped, than Islam set about suffocating whatever Gothic aspirations after beauty might show in the budding stage. Muhammadan materialism and sensuality in a great hydra-struggle with Christian asceticism or Christian revenge, went on to the utter squelching of almost every mental gift. Out of it all came defeat for the Moor and victory for the Spaniard. But attendant on that victory, ever using her to their own ends, were seen two Shapes before which all freedom of culture fled appalled: they were Cruelty and Asceticism. These in their turn achieved a new conquest of Spain. Their remorseless claws left marks, not yet effaced, on the literature and art they tried to rule over. 'Twas not well with Art when her votaries could be fetched and carried from Florentine signiories to Romish popes on the latter's magnanimous promise that the fetched and carried should go "free and untouched, seeing we

entertain no anger against him, knowing as we do the habit and humour of such men!" But, alack for the nation which sets a censorship of "L'Infame," to tell its painters how much, if any, of a certain lady's toes are to be represented! What could be done by the greatest genius when a "cross between a policeman and a monthly nurse" could come with his priestly impertinencies in restrictions between that genius and its unfettered expression? What, indeed! Let the lost provinces of Spain in America reply. Let the beggarly account of Spanish pictures in European galleries answer too. With all that wealth of opportunity since 1492, two men unlike enough to painters of other lands to be fairly claimable as her very own children has "prideful Spain" produced. These two, Velasquez and Murillo, are fairly well seen at the New Gallery,—that is to say, they are represented by works of the first rank, equal in technical qualities to those in the National Gallery, but not quite equal in importance, taken altogether, though, of course, the Dulwich Velasquez pictures demand and receive attention. Those works by earlier men whose brains had been trained through centuries to receive, through others only, thoughts and views in painting, just as they had received views in what was, and sometimes still is, called religion;—those works cannot be called Spanish at all. They were simply Italy watered, instead of being taken "neat." Good and even original works there are by Italians who settled more or less permanently in Spain; and the same by Netherlanders and others. Of any peculiar spirit or stamp, save in the case of one or two men much ignored by Europe—as, for instance, "Del Mazo Martinez"—there is nothing available out of Spain itself, and even there, what is peculiarly Spanish is not to be considered, beside the light and mastery of the two great masters.

Like most of the master-painters and sculptors in Italy, even Velasquez was in harness, and driven by drivers who were unworthy to tie the shoe-strings of any man of his attainments. Hence in the great sum of his achievement technique alone starts out as the proof of his power. That, indeed, is so great, that it is not once at fault, even when grotesqueness beyond the dreams of a French tailor is its theme. What he might have done if allowed wider pasture we may see even by a copy, in the "Surrender of Breda." In that picture there is the same evidence of individuality in doing what may be done within the limits of a subject, as one sees in the great "Admiral Pulido-Pareja." Even Navarrete, "El Mudo," able as he seems to have been, does not seem to have aimed at being more than a Spanish Titian, and restricted even in trying to be that. As for the Spagnolettos and Zurbarans, etc., though they seem really to have inhaled the traditional right way of painting in oil, their brains seem to have failed to grasp the use that knowledge should be put to. They are mock-Caravaggios, and the spark of native inspiration only trembles here and there, to die out in mindless shades of brown dulness.

What a long trial by sordidness the human spirit must have been put through, is seen in the incapacity of one like Murillo to find scope for his powers, once he left his "ecstasies" and "Annunciations," in aught save the more squalid realities of his glowing environment. Even a Scripture subject at times fails to elevate his efforts. The series of the prodigal son in the New Gallery, save in the last but one of the series, which has a more artistic air than the others, and in the fine expression deliberately given to the old man's face in the last one,—the whole series look like modern city potboilers, as perchance they are.

Of all the many inept soubriquets given to artists anywhere, or when, that of "El Divino" given to Morales is the most ridiculous. It was his choice of subjects that called forth this term of endearment, for they are mostly representative of the holy ecstasies of co-religionists of the founder of the Inquisition. But the treatment is artistically of the coarsest. Taken altogether this exhibition adds nothing to the average person's knowledge. The best pictures are already familiar to the public, in the Dulwich Gallery. The National Gallery has at least two pictures by Velasquez which surpass anything here, if not in technique, in which they are equal, yet in the great qualities of design and poetic treatment. The "Christ at the Column" and the Dead Roland are each poems in their different ways. Doubts prevail in some quarters as to the genuineness of the latter, but it is difficult to think of any other painter who could have rendered such a grand thought with such grand technique. Again, at this high-water mark of the art of Spain, we are struck with the fact that it is alone in its profound pathos: its evidence of a sense of something wider in this world than the parish puerilities of Inquisition inspectors and censors. How it escaped the eyes of those cruel pedants is one of those things they have left us to chuckle over. Possibly it may have been thought good as an object-lesson in the ways of the holy "Infamous"; for 'twas said Orlando the Paladin was *squeezed* to death—a mode of despatch the "Infamous" is said to have favoured. To count the few pictures by Spaniards that have their motives at the lofty range of this one; to skim spiritually the seas of radiant art-thought that roll between the dates of Cagliari and Margharitone, is to become aware by contrast of the small and cramped nature of what by courtesy we call the Spanish School. Its reason for existence seems to be, the demonstration of what that nation must look for, which allows itself to be stultified by religious "ignorantins." But it may also show that those "ignorantins" cannot entirely repress the genius of a race; ever new spirits of it burst up from the great "fire-heart of nature." Happy Italy and lucky France; to have so nearly escaped being enmeshed, soul and spirit, in the cruel, spiky web, invented and slung above Christendom by Loyola! Happy Christendom to have been able, after such a long spidery battle to send the web down over some of its guards at last! Is Spain herself even yet free of the baleful effects of it? Possibly; but at times her slow response to generous thought makes one think of her as the resident of some haunted palace—"something ails the place!" As for this New Gallery collection, its main value, perhaps, is the proof it gives of a fact too much "forgotten to be remembered," as the member of Parliament said; it shows that cramped as was the thinking power of Spanish painters, they, most of them, learned the craft—the mystery of painting—from those well able to teach it. In mere workmanlike richness of substance, these works, the least remarkable of them, have an advantage that makes modern oil-painting look thin, scraggy, clay-like tallowy,—everything but "precious." One might live with them as one lives with bits of Greek gold, or chips of Roman glass, or specimens of peasant jewellery, from countries where loving design and labour still lavish themselves with no thought of their value in the artistic markets of Western Europe; for in them there is evidence of a genuine, though limited, sense of art qualities. The works are retiring, and assort naturally with their frames; just as the finest jewels are at one with their settings.

→* The Professor's Note-Book. *←

Organ Accompaniment. A YOUNG organist, one of my pupils, who is rather given to vagaries, has recently invested in Dr. Bridge's Primer of "Organ Accompaniment." Like the rest of the series, this is an excellent little work, and if it does not contain much that is new, it is only because the subject with which it deals affords little scope for original treatment. But to such a player as the one I allude to, some of Dr. Bridge's remarks convey a meaning the very reverse of that which the author intended to convey. "Look here, sir," said my pupil to me the other day, after I had rebuked him for his ornate treatment of the Psalms; "read what Dr. Bridge says." I took the book and read. "With regard to the method of playing a chant when accompanying voices, it must be remembered that this as printed is nothing more than the separate voice parts written in short score, and that therefore the organist is not expected to play merely the four notes he sees before him, nor, and more especially in so far as the bass is concerned, should these always be played in the position in which they stand on the stave. To do this renders the accompaniment weak and a poor support to the voices. An experienced organist 'fills up' his chords (with moderation, of course) and often plays the bass part upon the pedals an octave lower." Now, as a matter of fact, these two points, "filling up" chords, and "pedalling an octave lower," were the very points on which I had been lecturing this young man. What more natural, then, than that he should confront me with the words of so great an authority as the organist of Westminster Abbey?

Experience. We all know that Dr. Bridge has had a wide experience as a teacher, and it is possible that his pupils require to be told to do this sort of thing. But if he could only listen to the young players whom I am constantly meeting, he would discover that it is the raw amateur, rather than the experienced organist, who fills his hands with notes, and that the use of the lower octave of pedals in accompanying psalms and hymns is a thing to be guarded against rather than encouraged.

Pedalling. While on the subject of organ-playing, I should like to say a word or two about crossing the feet in pedalling. The notion that the left foot should always cross behind the right is so generally set forth by teachers that it has become an established rule, much to the hindrance of smooth and easy pedalling. Authors of Instruction Books who are not absolutely silent on the point, insist so strongly and with such marked unanimity on this method as to suggest a doubt of their practical knowledge of the subject. The common-sense rule is that while in the lower half of the pedal board the left foot should cross *behind* the right, in the higher half it should cross *in front* of the right. I would call the attention of organists to the remarks of Mr. George Ernest Lake in the Preface to his very useful work, "Daily Studies and Complete Pedal Scales." Mr. Lake, who is an authority, in supporting the rule which I have laid down, says: "The logic of the contention is indeed of elementary simplicity, viz.: that as the legs describe the segment of a circle, therefore their position in one moiety of the arc is exactly reversed in the other, and if on the left the right leg comes over the other, then on the right the left leg must do the same. Let any one who still doubts

place his right foot on the upper A, for example, and then endeavour to reach say the upper D or E with his left, he will soon be convinced. I can only account for the old hypothesis of the left foot invariably crossing behind the right by the fact that old pedal boards were of short upward compass, whereas the organist now sits more in the centre of his work."

Part-Writing. Are the laws of part-writing, which we take so much time and pains to master in our young days, intended to govern our future work, or are they so many stumbling-blocks put into the way of the student to render his progress slower and more difficult? I am prompted to ask this question by the frequent violations of elementary rules in the works which are daily making their appearance from the pens of our most highly esteemed masters of music. Only yesterday I was looking through a recently published composition of a prominent musician, from whom above all men one would have expected better things, and had not reached the sixth bar before I came across one of the worst cases of "False Relations" that I ever remember meeting with. The passage only needed looking at to see the painfully harsh effect of this breach of rule, which was not one of those seeming violations which have been described as violations of the letter and not of the spirit of the laws. Now I know that the most experienced composers are fallible and liable to err, but in this case it was obvious that the ungrammatical passage was deliberately and intentionally written. Why, I ask? It is not to the point to say that ripe theoretical knowledge excuses a progression which may appear to be a faulty one, and places the possessor of that knowledge beyond the restraint of rule. This will hold good when the result justifies the means, but here the progression was as offensive to the ear as to the eye. What would be thought of the author who deliberately filled his pages with bad English, and set all the laws of syntax at defiance? We learn grammar at school in order that the phrases and sentences we utter and write may be framed according to its laws. What, I ask again, do we study the rules of part-writing for?

Studies. Pianoforte teachers devote so much attention now to "Technical exercises," that the "Study" is being put on one side altogether. In the case of pupils whose practice-time is limited, this is undoubtedly a wise arrangement, for the sonatas and other works of the best composers afford no less opportunity than specially written "studies" for the application of technical power obtained by the use of finger exercises. There is, however, one class of "study" which no serious student should neglect, that which deals with part-playing. Part-playing is the greatest difficulty with which the pianist has to contend. It requires not only that each finger should be absolutely independent, but that it should possess an individuality of its own, so that each distinct part may be represented by a particular tone-quality. In order to acquire this power of part-playing, it is necessary to go through a complete system of training, which should commence in the pupil's early days with Bach's "Twelve little Preludes," than which nothing could more admirably serve to introduce polyphonic music to the young student. These should be followed by the same master's "Inventions in Two and Three Parts," leading up to the "Forty-eight Preludes."

Tidings from Beethoven.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE UNSEEN WORLD.

"O H, Mr. Thorne, would you care to go and hear some psychic experiences?"

It was a little Pioneer friend of mine who spoke. We had met in Bond Street; the sun was shining brightly on her face, but I fancied it was a trifle pale.

"Where? and when?"

"At the Pioneer. Now. But perhaps you have something better to do—but, I thought that—perhaps—you would be interested in that sort of thing."

I wasn't, but I pretended to be; the pale shade in the little face decided me, and turning round, I followed her across the road, up Bruton Street into that imposing place the "Pioneer Club."

"You know," she confided as we entered the room, "I don't half like it, it's uncanny; but I came because—"

"Because it's the thing to come, I suppose."

She laughed, and we took our seats.

"And now we are arrived," I observed, "perhaps you will tell me something about what I am to hear."

My little Pioneer looked at me quizzically.

"It's psychic!" she said. "I took some time to learn its name."

"You say it very prettily now," I remarked, and just then a lady rose to address the room.

She said that there were many things in heaven and earth that are not dreamt of in our philosophy, and that she never could understand those people who never admitted the possible right of any opinion differing from their own. "We are here assembled to hear experiences of a novel character and to endeavour to learn from them."

Then another lady rose.

"What is her name?" I asked.

"Which? Oh, that is Mrs. Massingberd, our president, you know, and this one, I believe, is Miss Green. Yes, it is," said my Pioneer, smiling.

Miss Green, a lady of medium height, with nothing about her that would cause you to think she had communications with the unseen world, spoke in a naïve, sincere way. She said that now-a-days many anticipated the speedy end of the world, but there was no reason to fear that; certainly this age was at its end, and we were about to enter upon a new one. One great sign of this was the thinness of the veil now separating the seen from the unseen.

She then read communications received from Beethoven.

These were written in the same naïve, ingenuous way in which Miss Green herself spoke. They gave the great master's experiences immediately after his dissolution.

Beethoven's first idea was, we were told, that the deafness which had so troubled the last part of his earthly career had completely vanished; he then contrasted his spirit face, calm and contented, with that of his earthly body, which he observed was troubled, as though fretted by his deafness. Suddenly he hears sounds of indifferent violin playing. He recognises the piece as a bad rendering of the Kreutzer Sonata. He rushes to the place. He finds a young man, whom he rates for his bad performance (the calm and content already dissipated!). The youth answers, "Oh, yes, I know what I am doing, and who YOU are too; I was doing it to bring you here."

Then a grave-looking man and a graceful, smiling woman offer to show Beethoven his dwelling in this new world; his whole anxiety is whether he shall find instruments to play on, and he laments not having been able to bring any away with him—not even a brass kettle. Thereupon he finds himself in a room full of different kinds of musical instruments, all in tune, and straightway he conducts a concert of beautiful music, perfectly rendered, which, although he does not recognise it, he is informed is his own. He is filled with repentance for his shortness of temper, and the

many idiosyncrasies he gave way to when on this earth, and also with an intense longing to communicate to us in the "seen" world all the music he had failed to give us. He tries to influence musicians, but though in some cases these were willing to listen to him at first, they preferred their own thoughts to the charge of reproducing his.

At last, in despair, he tells his two friends (the grave man and the smiling lady!) he must abandon music, and they must allot him some other work—in the fields, for example. The lady then laughs immoderately, and the man asks his reason for so wishing to write for this world of ours.

Beethoven explains that he wishes not only to prove the immortality of art, but to show how near the unseen and seen worlds, the spirit, and the corporeal worlds are. He is granted help in the "seen" world.

Here Miss Green stated that she was one of the mortals allowed to help Beethoven and her guide the other. She assured us she often played with Beethoven, and that the other day they played the Kreutzer together, she supplying the violin part.

Then Miss Green produced a score.

"This," she said, quite seriously and sincerely, "is the score of Beethoven's last symphony, the one of which the scattered sketches lie at Vienna, I believe; this symphony I wrote under Beethoven's direction. Occasionally a little of myself may appear, but it is all his: ideas, working out, all is his. You know when he was on the earth how he altered and altered again—well, his way of working is the same—he drives me nearly mad sometimes. I am most susceptible to his influence when in the open air. Once Beethoven had been trying to complete a passage, I could not seize his intention, and in despair I went out of doors; there, in the bright sunshine the idea came and I was able to record it."

Here these most interesting and thrilling communications ceased, and Miss Green kindly offered to answer any questions we might want to ask.

One lady, evidently a composer herself, asked if she (Miss Green) did not think it possible that she mistook her own feelings, when in the act of composition, for the promptings of another mind.

Miss Green stated that she had composed previously by herself, but that probably she had always been influenced by Beethoven. She did not know this to be the case until a few years ago, when she was told by a medium that she acted under the influence of Beethoven. She then wrote a violin sonata through his inspiration and then a second; she at first had the help of a medium but now acts alone. She knew, or rather felt, the promptings of Beethoven, and kept his promptings distinct from any efforts of her own. She has submitted the manuscript symphony to musicians, one of whom fully recognised Beethoven's many little peculiarities.

"Well!" said my little friend, opening her large blue eyes, "I do hope they won't choose me for this sort of work. Do you think if a musician came and told me to write down his thoughts I could refuse—I don't want to lose my liberty, you know."

"I tell you what," I returned seriously, "if one comes to you, ask him how much he intends to give you in remuneration for your time and trouble. Remind him that nothing takes without advertising, and that all the publishers are 'full up.'"

"I really believe you are laughing, Mr. Thorne," she said, with dignity.

"But what I told you to say is too true; the firms—"

"Good-afternoon," she said, "you are a horrid agnostic."

And I really believe she was right.

BARRY THORNE.

Mr. G. Francis Lloyd, Mus. Bac.

THERE are not more than half a dozen musicians of any note in the north-east corner of England, and of this half-dozen Dr. Rea, Dr. Armes, and Mr. C. Francis Lloyd are the only ones who have achieved anything more than local reputation. Dr. Rea is, of course, the best known of the trio. The work he has achieved in the past in Newcastle, single-handed, be it remembered, might suffice to make a name for ten ordinary men. The labours of Dr. Armes have been chiefly confined to playing the organ passably well in Durham Cathedral, and making the musical degrees granted by the Durham University a profitable thing in the degree-grabbing market. Mr. Lloyd chose long ago to walk in the path of Dr. Rea than of Armes. He has conducted numberless choral societies, played the organ, arranged concerts, and generally made himself a useful man to the community. I knew Mr. Lloyd some ten years ago, and when I met him again at the beginning of the present year I could have identified him a mile away. Instead of bothering to do that, I contented myself with asking sundry impertinent questions about his "career." Mr. Lloyd must excuse the word; every one has a career now-a-days, from the first-rate cab-horse to the tenth-rate cabinet minister.

Mr. Lloyd was born in Chester, and is the son of the late John Ambrose Lloyd.

"My father," said he, "is well known in musical circles in Wales; in fact, he is generally alluded to as the Welsh Handel. He was musical editor of a well-known Welsh hymn-book, and he composed innumerable cantatas, mostly to Welsh words, and mostly sacred. So that, you see, I come of a musical family. Our particular family was as large as it was musical. Eleven was our number, and as I was one of the younger ones I heard any amount of music round me in my youthful days. In consequence I could play in a sort of way, almost as soon as I could talk. When I was very young I sang from the alto line in the oratorio choruses."

"When did you first begin to play the organ?"

"I cannot exactly say when. But I was playing at Beaumaris at the age of fifteen, and a year later I was appointed to the parish church there. I had lessons from the late Mr. Atkins, organist of St. Asaph Cathedral; but to tell the truth, I am chiefly self-taught."

"Which was your next church?"

"I did not change until I came north, which was in 1873. In that year I found myself a stranger in Tynemouth, but I soon made many friends. Music in the north of England, as you remember, was in a very backward state at that time. How much worse it would have been but for the labours of Dr. Rea, one cannot tell. What impressed chiefly the musical darkness on my memory was, that when we gave a performance of Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise' in Christ Church with orchestra, soon after my arrival, such a thing had scarcely been heard, or even heard of. I don't mean the good people of the north had never heard an orchestra, but they had rarely heard it in church—so rarely that some said it had never been done before, which may or may not have been true. But I've forgotten to say that, soon after coming north, I had been appointed organist at Christ Church. Soon again after that the Tynemouth Philharmonic was formed, and the founders were good enough to appoint me conductor. The society had a most successful existence of about twelve years."

"What became of it?"

"Oh! after my departure for Bristol it somehow did not hang altogether as before, and was disbanded. But, as I say, its life was a happy one. We did all the standard works—with orchestra, of course, and very good performances, too—and the public seemed to appreciate it. The work was very hard."

"Especially for the conductor?"

"Especially for us all; we all had to work like convicts. But what did it matter? The members were enthusiastic, the performances went off beautifully, the public were pleased, and so were we. During those twelve years we did—"

"Look here," said Mr. Lloyd, breaking off. "This *secrétaire* was presented to me when I left for Bristol by the members; and they had previously, in 1885, given me a gold watch—this one here. By the way, the Christ Church people gave me a chain to match in 1889. But indeed I have been a very lucky fellow that way. The *Newcastle Daily Journal* gave me that clock you see on the mantel-piece. The South Shields Choral Society—"

"What! another choral society?"

"Oh, yes; I'll tell you all about that presently. They gave me a silver salver, and a purse of £100. And I cannot tell you the things that have not been given me."

I duly admired the pretty things which Mr. Lloyd showed me, and then we returned to the South Shields Choral Society.

"It was started," said Mr. Lloyd, "about 1883, in consequence of the unheard-of success of the Tynemouth Society. A committee was formed, and that committee's first move was to appoint me conductor. At first our numbers were not very large, and, owing to the lack of halls in the town, we had to give our early concerts in theatres, circuses, and the like. But soon that state of affairs was remedied. The membership increased rapidly, so that when I left the north in 1891 the numbers were about 250; and we gave our performances under the slightly more favourable circumstances afforded by the Royal Assembly Rooms. During the years of my conductorship, we performed such works as *Elijah*, *Lobgesang*, *Judas Maccabeus*, *Creation*, etc., etc. That Society flourishes still. In Mr. Stableford it has an energetic secretary, and, as the committee are equally enthusiastic, they have been enabled to hold things together. After I left, Dr. Rea was for a time conductor; and, in turn, Mr. Michael Fairs, the old accompanist of the Society, succeeded Dr. Rea."

Now we come to an important change in Mr. Lloyd's life. In 1891, as just mentioned, he left the north and went to Bristol. He was duly fêted, and banqueted, and presented on leaving; but he had not been nine months in the south, when he received a tempting offer to return north. If the offer was tempting, the prospect of rejoining his friends was still more so; and it was without much hesitation and deliberation that he made up his mind to accept the offer. Accordingly, in 1892, he settled in his present residence, Sheriff Hill Hall, Gateshead. It might be expected that one of Mr. Lloyd's mad activity would at once plunge into the fray again, and spend his life, as formerly he spent it, in a ceaseless round of rehearsals, choir practices, concerts, and Sunday services. But a change had come over Mr. Lloyd's notions as to the best way of using his time. The cause of the change is interesting. Let me give it in Mr. Lloyd's own words.

"In 1891," said he, "*Ariel*, a weekly paper no longer existing, offered a prize for the best bicycling song. My wife suggested that I might as well have a shot at it. I didn't feel strongly inclined at first, but at the last minute I thought I would; I wrote the music, sent it off, and thought no more about it. Then one day came an uproarious telegram from *Ariel*, announcing that I had won the prize, and demanding my photograph or my life, or something of that sort. Of course I gave the photo. the preference. It was printed with the song; and I think I may say that the song became popular. Then Messrs. Morley and Co., of Regent Street, made me an offer to write for them under contract for three years, which offer I ultimately accepted, and to meet their requirements, became busily engaged in composition."

In consequence of these demands upon his time, Mr. Lloyd no longer goes into the old lunatic self-sacrificing round of duties. After his return north, offers of organ appointments, conductorships, and what not, began to shower upon him; but, figuratively speaking, he put up his umbrella and kept them off. He occasionally plays a service to oblige a friend, or conducts choral or orchestral concerts in an emergency, but that is all; the greater portion of his time is devoted to his compositions. A complete list of these would be rather formidable; but here are the chief:—Concert overture in D, produced at the National Eisteddfod of Wales in 1893; an orchestral suite, produced in 1894; a series of anthems published by Messrs. Novello and Co.; part-songs, church services, and songs innumerable.

Of many of Mr. Lloyd's labours I have already spoken; but it

yet remains to be said that both before and after his short stay in the south he was critic for the *Newcastle Daily Journal*. While he was in Bristol he was also critic of the *Western Daily Press*. For some years he has acted as one of the adjudicators at the Welsh Eisteddfods. Thus at Pontypridd he served with Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie and John Thomas. He has also lectured to the Welsh people, telling them frankly that their music is somewhat antediluvian, and that they must hurry up if they want to get into step with the rest of Europe or even with England. But, as I say, his main work is composition, and in that chiefly songs. He lives in a beautiful house on the top of Sheriff Hill, whence he commands a view extending many miles inland, and in the other direction to the sea.

Tschaikowsky on Brahms.

It is always interesting to hear the opinions of great composers on each other, and particularly so if the men are living. We are glad therefore to have the opportunity of quoting from a Russian monthly journal an extract from the diary of the late composer, Tschaikowsky, showing what he thought of Brahms. Tschaikowsky, it may just be premised, met Brahms at Leipzig in 1887, at the residence of Mr. A. Brodsky, the Russian violinist, who has recently been appointed to succeed Hallé as Principal of the Manchester College of Music. The extract from the diary is a memorandum of the occasion. We quote it without comment:

As I arrived at Brodsky's at one o'clock for dinner, I heard the sounds of a piano, violin, and violoncello. In short I found myself at the rehearsal of Brahms' new trio previous to its performance in public on the following evening. The piano part was being played by the composer himself, and I had the opportunity of seeing for the first time the most famous German composer of the day.

Brahms is a man of medium height, rather stout, and of a singularly prepossessing appearance. His fine head, already showing signs of age, rather reminded me of a handsome and benevolent Russian priest. The characteristic features of a handsome German he does not possess. It is therefore difficult to understand how a learned ethnologist, in order to illustrate the typical features of a German, selects this head for the title-page of his work. That this is the case I heard from Brahms himself on my telling him of the impression his appearance conveyed to me. The sympathetic softness of line and feature, the rather long, thin, grey hair, the good grey eyes, the thick, grey-besprinkled beard, all more or less recalled to me the genuine type of a pure-blooded Russian, so often met with in that class to which most of our ecclesiastics belong.

Brahms is lively by nature, his manner is simple and straightforward, and the two hours I spent in his society are to me a very pleasant remembrance.

I sincerely regret that, notwithstanding our long and joint sojourn in Leipzig, I was unable to form a nearer acquaintance with this most distinguished representative of the German music of the present. The reason was as follows: I, in common with all my Russian musical friends, honour Brahms only for his honest, convincing, and earnest musical activity; notwithstanding my sincerest wishes to the contrary, I am yet unable—nor shall I probably ever be able—to love his music!

The musical influence of Brahms is widely spread in Germany. A large number of influential persons, as well as entire musical institutions, have dedicated themselves especially to the cultivation

of the music of Brahms, ranking him almost with Beethoven. There is also an anti-Brahms party in Germany, but nowhere will he remain so long a stranger as in my own country. To the Russian nature his music is dry, cold, misty, uncertain, and repelling. Feeling for melody, regarded from a Russian standpoint, he has none. A musical thought is never carried out to its close. Scarcely does an intelligible musical phrase present itself when it is instantly lost in a vortex of unimportant harmonious passages and modulations, as if to be deep and unintelligible were the special aim of the composer. He plays and banters with the musical feeling whose needs he will not satisfy; he is ashamed of the language the heart demands. When one hears his music, one asks oneself, Is Brahms deep, or will he only, with apparent depth, mask the poverty of his phantasy? His style is always elevated; nor does he, as we other present-day composers, seek after external effect. He never once tries, by means of some new and brilliant combination, to excite admiration or astonishment; still less does he stoop to imitation, or descend to the commonplace. All is very earnest, very noble, as well as independent, but in this "all" one thing is needful—Beauty. This is my opinion of the works of Brahms; and so think, as far as I am aware, all Russian musicians and the whole Russian musical public.

Two years ago I openly expressed my opinion of Brahms to Bülow. He replied: "Wait; the time will come when the depth and beauty of Brahms' music will reveal themselves. Like you, I did not for a long time understand him; gradually the enlightenment came, and with you it will be the same." And there I wait, but the enlightenment does not come. I honour deeply the personality of Brahms, and bow myself before the virgin purity of his musical aspirations. I admire his strength and his proud renunciation of all the allurements of the Wagner school, or even that of Liszt. But I do not like his music.

The reader can easily understand that this circumstance in no way hindered my seeking for a more intimate acquaintance with Brahms himself. I frequently saw him in the society of the most advanced partisans, one of whom was Brodsky; and it was a pleasant yet strange experience to find myself amongst them, unable to share in the veneration for their idol, yet otherwise in the fullest harmony of thought and feeling.

On the other hand, though Brahms knew, or instinctively felt, that I did not belong to his party, he made no advances. He was equally kind to me as to all the others, but nothing more. Yet all I have heard of Brahms as a man increases my sincere regret that the "enlightenment" prophesied by Bülow has not yet come. The personality of Brahms is unusually noble and elevated, and in all those who have occasion to come into closer relations with him he excites the warmest love and devotion.

Professor Prout on the Progress of the Orchestra.

AT the recent Conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians held in Edinburgh the following interesting paper on "The Orchestra from 1800 to 1900" was read by Professor Prout:

Glancing, in the first instance, back at the condition of things musical as regards the orchestra in the year 1800, the Professor said the modern school of instrumentation had not long been founded. It was not more than thirty years since the harpsichord, which played so important a part in the orchestras of the last century, had been dispensed with, for we find it once used by Mozart in his early opera *Mitridate*, written in 1770—so far as I am able to ascertain, its last appearance. If we compare the orchestra of 1800 with that of the present day, we shall find that the difference consists far less in the instruments employed than in the manner of their treatment. Excepting the bass clarinet and the tuba, every instrument found in the scores of *Lohengrin* and *Tristan* is to be met with in the works of Haydn and Mozart, but in the latter they are comparatively seldom used at the same time. In the works of Haydn that I have examined I have nowhere found four horn parts, though Pohl, in a catalogue at the end of the second volume of his life of the composer, mentions a few symphonies, the scores of which, I believe, are still unpublished, which have four horns. With Mozart also the use of four horns is rare. We see them in the scores of a few of his earlier symphonies and operas, but not in his later and best known operas. Trombones, again, are but sparingly employed, at least in the modern manner, though Mozart frequently uses them in his Masses and for church music to double the voices in the choruses. With regard to the wood-wind, not only were its functions less important, but the tone combinations were mostly different. If we listen to an orchestral work by Haydn or Mozart, we can hardly fail to be struck with the frequent prominence of the oboe in places where modern composers would almost certainly have used the clarinet. That, no doubt, arises from the fact that the latter being an instrument of comparatively recent introduction into the orchestra, its capabilities were hardly fully realized, to say nothing of the imperfections of the early instruments. In general terms it may be said that the difference between the orchestration of last century and that of the present day is that, in the latter the instruments are treated more in large groups and masses, and proportionately less as solo instruments, than is the case with the older composers. This, of course, must be taken only as a generalization to which there are numerous exceptions.

I will now endeavour to trace the gradual development of the orchestra, and to show that the great masters severally contributed to the progress of modern instrumentation. The first great impulse to the development of the art in this direction was undoubtedly given by Beethoven, the greatest composer, with the single exception of Bach, that the world has yet seen. This mighty genius in every department of music was less of an innovator than an extender and enlarger of the resources of the art. Of him it might truly be said that he came not to destroy but to fulfil. Basing his system of orchestration on Mozart's models, Beethoven seemed by a kind of miraculous instinct to define the highest possibilities that lay within the reach of every instrument in the orchestra, and there is scarcely one from which he did not obtain effects which nobody before him had dreamed of. He was the first to originate the violin part (in the *Egmont* overture) up to C in altissimo, a note never previously employed, except in solo. Again, we may hunt through all the scores of Haydn and Mozart without finding such a solo passage for the violincellos as that which opens the slow movement of the Symphony in C minor. I cannot now go fully into Beethoven's treatment of the wind instruments. The latter were individualized, so to speak, by him in a manner that had

hardly been attempted before, though in that matter he was perhaps even surpassed by Schubert. Take the oboe for example. Many solos for this instrument are to be found in the scores of Haydn and Mozart, but such passages as the solos in the scherzos of the Pastoral and Choral Symphonies, or in the *entr'acte* in C. of the *Egmont* music, were absolutely new. Similar examples could be cited with reference to other instruments, but I will content myself with the mention of one in which the greatest innovation or all is to be met with. It never seems to have occurred to any one before Beethoven's time to tune the kettledrums otherwise than in perfect fourths or fifths. But in the finale of the eighth Symphony and the scherzo of the ninth they are tuned in octaves, and in the introduction to the second act of *Fidelio* in the interval of a diminished fifth. Even when the ordinary tuning was adopted the instruments had a far more important part to play than ever had been allotted to them before.

The example of Beethoven naturally acted upon his younger contemporaries and successors, but the orchestra has not remained where he left it. Weber's instrumentation, though founded on Beethoven, has special features of its own. With Beethoven the employment of the second pair of horns and two trombones is the exception. With Weber it became the rule, and has continued so to the present day, though of course many works are still written for a smaller instrumental force. Weber was also the first to appreciate fully the resources of the clarinet, especially in its lower register. Another instrument of his special predilection was the horn. Coming now to another of the great masters, I know no more delightful scores than the best of Schubert's—none in which every instrument appears to greater advantage, whether in solo or combination. The influence of Schubert has nevertheless been comparatively small, simply because until the last few years the greater number of his orchestral works and of the scores of his operas were unpublished. One of the first things that strikes the student of Schubert's scores is how very early he obtained freedom and certainty in his orchestral writing. His special contributions to the progress of orchestration were two. He contrasted the wood wind in a way that nobody before him, not even Beethoven, had done. The other special feature of his orchestration is the employment of the trombones *piano*. In that respect he had been, to a certain extent, anticipated, especially by Mozart, but none the less he treated these instruments in a manner that was absolutely new. Two modern composers seem to have been more particularly influenced by Schubert's orchestration—Brahms and Dvorak. In the scores of both these masters are found passages recalling Schubert's use of the wind. On the other hand, Schumann, whose music is in many respects so akin to Schubert's, orchestrated on a different plan.

Mendelssohn, one of the most finished artists of the present century, though of a lower order of genius than Schubert, also made important contributions to the development of orchestral effect. His orchestration is always exquisitely balanced and euphonious, and very rarely noisy. In his reserve in the treatment of the brass he forms an excellent model for the student. Among his innovations the most important is the frequent employment of rapid staccato passages for the wind instruments. Another noteworthy point is the importance given to the violas. Spohr's orchestration has some points of affinity with Mendelssohn's. It resembles it in the perfect balance of the instruments, but the colouring is often somewhat richer in consequence of the composer's freer employment of soft harmony for the brass. His writing for the violin is also exceptionally brilliant and effective. Of all the great masters, Schumann is by far the least successful as a writer for the orchestra. It is not improbable that this may have arisen from the fact that he began his career as a writer for

the piano. His orchestral works often suggest the idea that they were conceived for or at the piano, and afterwards instrumented. That Schumann could, at times score effectively, and had a true artistic feeling, is shown by many passages in *Paradise and the Peri* and *Faust*, but too often his scoring is thick and heavy, and from his fondness for doubling the instruments in unison his colour frequently becomes turbid. As a true tone-poet and a great harmonist Schumann deservedly stands in the first rank of composers, but not as a master of instrumentation. His name, however, cannot be omitted, for to him we owe one of the most important innovations of the century—the introduction into the orchestra of valve horns and valve trumpets, which has revolutionized the manner of writing for brass instruments. Brahms, who may be in many respects considered the direct successor of Schumann, is far superior to him as a writer for the orchestra. As a composer Brahms shows an interesting combination of the classical and romantic schools. His orchestration exhibits the influence of Schubert, and he shares with his great predecessor that exquisite feeling for tone colour, that insight into the genius of each separate instrument that makes Schubert's scores so delightful to read or to hear. By some of his combinations Brahms gets entirely new tints from the orchestra. Like most of the great masters, he does not need a very large orchestra to obtain charming effects. Dvorak I am inclined to rank first among all living writers for the orchestra. His symphonies are very richly scored without being overloaded, and his great vocal works—the *Stabat Mater*, the *Spectre's Bride* and the *Deutsches Requiem*—abound in beautiful combinations.

In France we find comparatively little purely orchestral music, and studies in French instrumentation must, for the most part, be made from the scores of operas. Of the works of this class produced during the first half of this century, it may be said that the chief characteristics from an orchestral point of view, are lightness of touch and piquancy. The leading features of Boieldieu's scores are the varied and delicate colouring and the tasteful contrasts of tone. Though Italian by birth, Cherubini may be classed among the French composers, though his works show rather a fusion of the Italian and German styles than the genuine French style as found in Boieldieu or Auber. But as models of tasteful instrumentation, his work can hardly be too highly recommended to students. Its predominant features are contrapuntal treatment of the instruments, combined with the most perfect clearness and great variety of colour. Cherubini is hardly ever noisy, and for the most part he treats his orchestra with great reserve. Perhaps the most characteristically French of all French composers is Auber. In his scores we find the rare combination of delicacy with sparkling brilliancy. Seldom if ever noisy, his orchestration is always rich and full in the *tutti*, and as clear as crystal. In his treatment of wind instruments in solo passages he is invariably happy. He was one of the first, if not absolutely the first, to make much use of the piccolo in *piano* passages. Often he doubles the flute, oboe, or clarinet with the piccolo in the octave; sometimes the piccolo doubles the clarinet in the fifteenth with very charming effect. A speciality of his scoring is the accompanying of a melody by pizzicato passages for the lower strings while the harmony is sustained by horns and bassoons. For balance of tone, contrasts, and piquancy of colouring there are few scores more instructive than those of Auber, and in these respects his influence on more recent French composers can hardly be overrated. The scores of modern French composers, such as Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, and David, are full of interest in their details, but present few features on which it is necessary to enlarge.

Italian composers need not detain us, since it is in the vocal rather than in the instrumental part of Italian music that the chief interest is to be found. Nevertheless the later works of Rossini should be mentioned. Verdi also has furnished us with

exquisite examples of orchestral treatment in his *Requiem* and later operas.

I have purposely left till the last two of the greatest masters of instrumentation—Berlioz and Wagner. It is impossible to overlook the great influence they have had on the development of orchestral writing. The general impression regarding Berlioz is that he was an eccentric genius, who delighted in enormous combinations of noise, and in all kinds of extravagance. There is undoubtedly a certain amount of truth in this judgment, but it is incomplete and one-sided, and ignores entirely one phase of Berlioz's style. That his ideas were at times grandiose even to extravagance, as in the *Requiem*, may be admitted, but that work, written for a special occasion, stood by itself; and in most of Berlioz's compositions only the ordinary modern full orchestra is employed, and perhaps one or two extra instruments, such as the two ophicleides and two pairs of kettledrums in the *Symphonie Fantastique*; and the pianoforte in the finale of *Lelio*. But even in such cases the whole force is rarely employed at the same time. No one knew better than Berlioz how to make a tremendous noise where the situation required it. To my mind the most striking feature of his orchestration is not so much his treatment of large masses as his insight into the character of each separate instrument, and wonderful genius for the invention of new combinations. Another point about his style is its excessive polyphony, and for this reason the scores of Berlioz are among the most difficult to read of any in the whole range of musical literature.

Wagner's works, from the point of view of their orchestration, may be divided into three groups. The first comprises *Rienzi*, the *Flying Dutchman*, and *Tannhäuser*. In these the composition of the orchestra is the same as in many of the scores already spoken of, although even here Wagner is found experimenting with large masses of extra instruments. But in the second group of his works, which includes *Lohengrin* and *Tristan*, we find an entire reconstruction of the orchestra. The third group consists of the four parts of the *Ring des Nibelungen*. This work, written for a special object and for a special theatre, is altogether exceptional in its orchestration. Those who have heard it, whether as a whole on the stage or in excerpts in the concert-room, frequently complain of its being noisy, and, it must be admitted, with justice. But it should not be forgotten that Wagner calculated his effects for an invisible orchestra placed under the stage, that had the result of subduing the power without rendering it dull. It is not to be supposed, however, that the whole of the *Ring* is heavily scored. The fact is quite the reverse, and that Wagner considered the large force employed in the *Ring* as exceptional is proved by the fact that in his last work—*Parsifal*—he reverted to the orchestra of *Lohengrin* and *Tristan*.

I have thus traced, necessarily in a most incomplete and cursory manner, the progress of music during the last hundred years. I have endeavoured to show what were the chief additions made by the several great composers to the resources of their art; and it has been seen that these have consisted far less in the introduction of new instruments than in new methods of treating and combining those already in use. We have seen that the tendency has been continually in the direction of increased richness and fulness, and the question suggests itself, Is this an unmixed advantage? I venture to doubt it. I fear that the younger generation of musicians are fed so largely on the highly seasoned diet provided by modern composers, that they have little or no taste for the simple fare offered by the old masters. Let us by all means welcome everything new which is good, but let us not, at the same time, reject what is good simply because it is old. To the student I would say, By all means make yourself acquainted with modern scores, but take for your own models rather those masters who, like Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, or Mendelssohn, were content with moderate resources. Do not waste your colours; but try how much effect you can obtain from a few instruments at a time.

Organ and Choir.

"Organ-School" Rinck. HOW many players have been reared on Rinck's "Organ-School" it would be difficult to tell. Nowadays the work divides the honours with Stainer's "Organ Primer," but before the advent of that excellent manual Rinck practically held the field. In the January issue of the *Nonconformist Musical Journal* there is an interesting article about the worthy old fellow, accompanied by a portrait which I have not seen before. Rinck was a pupil of Kittel, of whom Fétis tells the story that, having inherited a full-sized portrait of Bach, he used to draw aside the curtain and show it to his pupils as the best reward he could offer them for their diligence. When he had finished his studies, Rinck became organist at Giessen, at the magnificent salary of four guineas per annum! He had to slave away at teaching in order to make anything like a decent income; and Sir Charles Hallé has given us some idea of his laborious career at this time by recording the fact that he used to go to Rinck for his lessons at six o'clock in the morning! As a composer we, of course, know Rinck almost solely through his "Organ-School," but he wrote a great deal of music, mostly sacred, besides what is contained in that famous work. He always smoked when composing: if he omitted to light his pipe, the very springs of his art were dried up. The more he smoked, the brighter his ideas; the intensity of his inspiration might always be calculated from the density of his atmosphere. On such occasions he became quite lost in self-abstraction, and there is a story told of his having set his wife's head on fire through dropping a lighted match all unconsciously in the lady's cap. Rinck lived to the age of seventy-six, having died at Darmstadt on the 7th of August, 1846.

The Organist of St. Paul's. It is a fine thing to get appointed organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is as good as taking out an insurance policy, for you are sure to live to a green old age. Since 1755, besides the present incumbent, only four men have held the post. John Jones, who became organist in the year named, reigned at the keyboard for forty-one years. His successor, Thomas Attwood, held the appointment for forty-two years. Sir John Goss was organist for thirty-four years, when he resigned in favour of Sir John Stainer, who left, it is understood, partly on account of his eyesight and partly because he wanted more leisure. Dr. Martin became connected with St. Paul's in 1874, when he undertook the charge of the choristers. He succeeded Sir John Stainer in 1880. He is a man of fifty-two, having been born at Lambourn, in Berkshire, in 1844. What Dr. Martin's salary is I do not know, but to Sir John Stainer the berth was worth £750 a year, besides the house, No. 1, Amen Corner, one of the healthiest residences in the whole city of London. At Westminster Abbey Dr. Bridge is understood to get £300 per annum, with, of course, a residence in addition.

Naming of Organ Stops. An extended familiarity with the organs of different builders excites nothing so much as wonder at the great confusion and want of system which exists with regard to the names of organ stops. Not only do the various builders differ among themselves, but not unfrequently the same builder, at different periods, will call the same stop now by one name, now by another, presumably on the Juliet principle that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Organ-builders would do well to bear in mind that the first purpose of marking the stops is to guide and assist the player, and that to facilitate this end the "knobs" should inform him in the clearest manner possible of the pitch and tone character of the stops to which they are affixed. It would be an important step in the right direction if our organ-builders would resolve never again to use a foreign name until they thoroughly understand its meaning, and know how to make and voice the stop to which it is applied. Having learned this, they would then

use and soon apply it so that an organist would be able to understand it. Every organist knows how long we had the name "Viol di Gamba" before the real thing was heard here, and lately this polyglot ambition on the part of builders has rather increased, each builder seeming to have ransacked every foreign specification that came in his way in order to find some name that would sound well, and be different from that used by his rivals. Mr. Hope-Jones is the latest faddist in this respect. He has even put himself at the mercy of the cranks who write in the *Violet Cover*, and who suggest names and notions which ought to qualify them for admission to Hanwell.

Stop Control.

Speaking of stops, I learn that Messrs. Hele, of Plymouth, are introducing a novelty, which will be of great assistance to organists, into the new organ now being built in the Presbyterian Church, Upper George Street, Marylebone Road. The draw-stops—some fifty in number—instead of being grouped in the side-jambs as usual, are inserted between the keyboards. Over each keyboard are arranged the stops and couplers belonging to that keyboard in the shape of a series of small ivory levers. These levers are each made with a sloping surface, on which is clearly printed the name and pitch of the stop. They are hinged at the left-hand corner, and are actuated at the right-hand corner, the movement being a bare quarter of an inch. The stop-levers for the pedal organ are arranged in small jambs on each side of the keyboards, thus being more convenient to the player than if on one side only. Another novelty in this organ will be a metal stop only $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch diameter at the 8 feet C, and 1 inch at the 4 feet C, the tone of it being wonderfully pungent and refined. The "scales" throughout the organ are exceptional, and so are the wind pressures. The instrument seems, on the whole, to be well worth a visit. Mr. J. C. Hele, F.R.C.O., a member of the firm of builders, is organist of St. Peter's, Plymouth.

Boys versus Ladies.

The boy *versus* the mixed church choir question continues to be discussed in various quarters. It will take some time to displace the boy choir in the Church of England, at any rate, for it is popular, and the ladies like it as much as they like Paderewski. But the question of women's voices is being talked about a good deal, and, as we all know, a good many of the clergy have actually started mixed choirs. Mr. Haweis has taken the ladies (metaphorically) to his bosom, and has declared that the choir-boy is a nuisance. He "sniggers, stretches, kicks, sucks sweets; ruins the psalters, hassocks, surplices, and choir-stalls; costs endless labour to train, and is bribed away by Cathedrals when he is trained." Of course the ladies do none of these terrible things—never suck sweets, for instance! The American choirmasters, at any rate, seem to agree with Mr. Haweis. Many of the Yankee boys are sons of influential members of the parish. The choir-master is afraid to punish them, he cannot discharge them—and so is compelled to bear their misconduct until the period of mutation takes them from the choir. Of course each parent thinks his boy a vocalist, and if solos are not assigned to him, there is trouble. That the matter has reached an acute stage in some quarters is evident from the fact that one of the American bishops has addressed to the clergy and choirmasters of his diocese a circular, in which he utters a severe reproof against the behaviour of the choir-boys in church. The truth seems to be that choirs of all kinds are apt to misbehave at times; and whether the constituents be boys and men, or ladies and men, they are equally difficult to manage.

Americana.

While we are talking about America, here are some items from over the water which I have lately come across. Not long ago, in a prominent Brooklyn church, a well-known organist played a Bach fugue. A dignified member of the musical committee, which sat in judgment, was delighted, and after ascertaining the composer's name, meekly inquired if he lived in New York, as perhaps they might engage him. Again, in a

large city in Connecticut, previous to the annual choir shake-up, a member of the choir committee moved that two contraltos be engaged in place of a soprano and contralto, as he thought the latter voice "so sweet and soulful." He was probably a relative of the man who wanted the swell-box of the organ permanently closed to keep out the dust. Mr. Frederic Archer, the £800 a year organist at Pittsburg, has, I see, got into hot water with the local "Christian Patriotic Association" for saying that the Moody-Sankey gospel hymns are "vulgar, if not absolutely immoral." Guess Fred is right all the same.

Hopkins on the Organ. A new edition of Hopkins and Rimbault on the organ has long been promised and long expected.

The work is a standard one, but it sadly needs bringing up to date, for in no branch of musical enterprise has there been so much advance within recent years as in the construction of organs. Dr. Hopkins, I know, has long been burrowing about the British Museum, and it has been generally understood that he

was engaged on a new edition of his *magnum opus*. It somewhat surprised me, therefore, to come upon the following little paragraph in the January number of the Doctor's little magazine, *The Organist and Choirmaster*: "Dr. Edward J. Hopkins' 'Catechism on the Organ, Historical and Descriptive,' which has been in preparation for some years past, is drawing towards completion, and will shortly be ready for the press. It abounds in new information, and will be profusely illustrated." A Catechism! Is it for *this* that we have been waiting all these years? Anyway, let us hope that Dr. Hopkins has taken more pains to be correct in his statements than he has sometimes done. In Grove's Dictionary for example, he says that Bach wrote his organ pedal parts "once only up to F, and two or three times to E." The fact is that Bach wrote twice up to F, four times to F sharp, and ten times to E—and all in the same composition! In the well-known prelude and fugue in G, he wrote four times to E, and five times to that note in a similar work in A major. In a more extended work of high excellence, he writes the high E actually seventy-one times! Oh, Dr. Hopkins, how could you?

The Month's Obituary.

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. SELWYN GRAHAM, well known as a vocalist, and better known as a professor of singing. Mr. Graham was a son-in-law of the composer of "The Village Blacksmith," having married Miss Georgina Angelique Weiss. For some years he had been director of the music at the church of St. Peter's, Vere Street, and the excellent singing there has given abundant evidence as to his able, artistic, and painstaking efforts. It may just be added that Canon Page Roberts has now appointed Mr. Augustus Toop, the organist at St. Peter's, sole director of the music.

The death of Mr. CONRAD HUGO LAUBACH should have been noticed last month. Mr. Laubach was a native of Edinburgh, and was one of the original choir-boys in St. Mary's Cathedral there. Making music his profession, the violin and viola being his special studies, he came to London, and for some years had been fulfilling engagements with many of the leading conductors. Mr. Laubach

had literary gifts of a high order, and he was much employed by the music publishers to make translations of songs. Many of the lyrics of Grieg, Cornelius, Reinecke, Lassan, Delibes, Tinel, and others are known entirely by his words. Some of his own poems had already found favour with English song-writers—Mr. Herbert Bunting amongst others—and at the time of his death he was preparing a volume of verse for publication which may yet see the light.

The death of BARON ACHILLE PAGANINI is interesting to musicians only because the Baron was the son of his father. He was a good violinist, but never adopted the art as a profession; and indeed had no need to do anything for his living, having inherited from his father a fortune of about £80,000. The Baron was Paganini's only child—the fruit of his *liaison* with the cantatrice Antonio Bianchi, of Como. Some reference to the lady, as well as to Paganini's love for the boy, is made in another column.

A Plea for the Concertina.

To the Editor of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

SIR,—May I venture to put in a word in favour of the much-despised English concertina? In my opinion the cause of its comparative failure has been, that at the outset too much was claimed for it, too much expected of it. In the hands of some able professors now passed away—Giulio Regondi, George Case, R. Blagrove, and others—it seemed as though its capabilities were almost unlimited, but with more ordinary performers these expectations have not been realized. At the same time, no one who has heard the exquisitely pathetic playing of Miss Edith Drake, the brilliant execution of Signor Alsepi, the careful well-thought-out playing of Mrs. Rowbotham (Miss Amy Chidley) can doubt that the concertina, æola, edeophone, call it which you will, does possess very great powers of fascination, and in good hands is capable of being made most effective in an orchestra. What I claim for the instrument is, that it can take the place of, and prove a most excellent substitute for any of the wind instruments, being almost undistinguishable from the flute and oboe. Perhaps the music for the latter is, from its pathetic character, the most suited, but the

brilliance of the flute, the wail of the clarinet, and the vigorous tone of the cornet, can all be well reproduced, and with baritone and bass instruments, the euphonium, bassoon, and bass trombone can be added to the list. All who have tried to form a small orchestra will know the difficulty of finding, in an average country neighbourhood or small town, any one capable of taking any of these instruments, whereas if two or three concertinas were added to the band, with the aid (if necessary) of a small harmonium, the orchestra would be complete. From my own experience in orchestral playing, I should say that the ordinary concertina or edeophone is the most suitable, being louder in tone; but for solo playing the "æola" is unrivalled.

One word of warning. In spite of all that has been said, the concertina cannot take the place of stringed instruments. To my mind, this has been the cause of its non-success. Attempts have been made to introduce it in place of strings, with the inevitable result. Let me urge intending players to stick to wind parts and their success will be assured.

I am, yours, etc.

AMATEUR.

The Incorporated Society of Musicians at Edinburgh.

ONCE more the members of the I.S.M. have had their annual holiday, and once more the world wags on as it did before. This time, as everybody knows, the place of meeting was Edinburgh. It was the first "border raid" of the Society; and if the raid served no other purpose, it must at least have dispelled the notion in a good many English minds that the Scotsman never by any chance covers his limbs with a pair of trousers; that he knows no other musical instrument than the bagpipe; that his staple food is oatmeal, with an occasional thistle by way of luxury. In truth, the English delegates had good reason to know how well the Edinburgh man can feed and enjoy himself—especially when he does so at the expense of the rates—for the Lord Provost had provided plenty of junketings for the musicians, and a good many nondescripts and hangers-on had a pretty fair share of the fine things going. It was, in short, a high old time for the musicians, and one can easily understand why these annual diversions are so much enjoyed. There is much pretence of serious work, but the holiday comes first, the work after.

The business of the Conference began, of course, with the report of the general secretary, Mr. Edward Chadfield. He told us that 215 new members had been added during the year, which does not seem to be a large number, considering the wide area which is embraced by the Society. On the other hand, the finances are in a highly satisfactory condition. There has been an excess of income over expenditure amounting to £480, and a sum of £500 has now been invested as the nucleus of a reserve fund. Many of the local sections have found themselves in the happy position of having more money than they need for current expenses, and some of them are devoting the surplus to the formation of sectional benevolent funds. The general musical world hears very little about the Society's examinations; but it appears from the report that during 1895 there were 4,597 candidates examined, or at any rate entered for examination. Of these 917 obtained honours, 2,824 satisfied the examiners, 701 failed, and 155 were absent. Last, and perhaps in reality least of all, the secretary referred to the now almost forgotten question of registration. A sub-committee had been appointed to consider the matter, and to prepare "alternative plans." This sub-committee met, and did what they had been asked to do; but the report of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education was expected to be issued shortly, and the committee deemed it advisable to wait for it. And so the question of registration remains in abeyance for another year—perhaps for ever!

Following Mr. Chadfield's report came the address of the President for the year, Sir A. C. Mackenzie. This was not the first time that the worthy musician had delivered the prologue at a Conference of the Society; but in Edinburgh Sir Alexander had his foot on his native heath, and it was only natural that the circumstance should bring a feeling of timidity, to which on former and similar occasions he had been a stranger. However, after he had worked off his sentiment, the President settled down to a good solid address on the subject of early music in Scotland, particularly in Edinburgh. Scottish music and musicians have not yet attracted sufficient attention to have had many historians, yet Edinburgh, as Sir Alexander clearly showed, has an interesting musical history of her own; and it is something to have removed from the Sassenach mind the notion that the land lay entirely waste and desolate until the advent of the Incorporated Society of Musicians. All the same, the details of Sir Alexander's address were of almost purely local interest, for it cannot be said that the musical world in general is wildly interested in Niel Gow and the other untrained geniuses who found the highest type of music in

the reel and the strathspey. Towards the close of his address the President touched upon some topics of more general concern. He is distressed, for instance, at "the rapidity with which most of our young musicians expect to master the various branches of a difficult and intricate art." Real knowledge is the last thing to be acquired: to be "floated" in life is the first and perhaps the only desire exhibited by many who have not even the excuse of poverty to plead. That is Sir Alexander's experience, and as the principal of an institution which turns out plenty of half-baked musicians, he ought to know something about the matter. In truth, the remark, whether so intended or not, is a quiet and kindly aside to the President's young Scottish *confrères*. For what could be more appropriate to their case than his suggestion that something should be done to "dispel the growing belief that any one branch of our art can be acquired within the space of a twelvemonth or thereabouts"? The most marked feature of the so-called "Scottish school" is that they are all young men—men of talent, no doubt, but men all the same who have neither adequately studied the great masters, nor adequately laboured in the old paths. Maturity is necessarily slow of coming, but some of our clever young men nowadays are not allowed to mature, and Sir Alexander Mackenzie may well tremble for their influence on the next generation. Another question of some interest touched upon by the President was the question of what he calls the modern British ballad. Sir Alexander is not only grieved because so many otherwise sane musicians insist upon composing songs, but because they set their music to such rubbish in the way of "words." The teachers, he declares rightly, are also largely to blame for encouraging the use of this feeble stuff by their pupils. While the taste for instrumental music has gradually become more and more refined, many excellent professors of the vocal art still cling fondly to a species of mawkish, emasculatory song which, taking the general advance in other respects into consideration, ought to have been improved off the face of the earth. It is as difficult to understand how the persistent employment of this twaddle does not induce softening of the brain, as it is to find an excuse for the practice; and if one could only have the Conference of singing teachers which Sir Alexander suggests, there might be some approach towards a remedy. The subject of the Conference would be a sort of double query: (1) What sort of music are teachers compelled to use? (2) What sort of music are they individually inclined to teach? The first question might be answered in Scottish fashion by asking another, namely, Is any one compelled to teach rubbish at all? The second question would require a good deal of silent meditation.

As if the Society had not already heard enough about Scottish music, Mr. W. H. Cummings must needs follow the President with a paper on the same topic. Mr. Cummings' discourse was a somewhat dreary effort, for it was quite evident that he knew very little of his subject at first hand, and had simply gathered together a lot of tedious details from the usual sources. No mortal man nowadays cares to know what David II. paid to his pipers, or what the various Jameses are supposed to have done for the "music" of their time. Even the unlucky Rizzio does not excite our interest because he was one of Queen Mary's singers at Holyrood. The subject is as hackneyed as a lecture on counterpoint, and as little capable of being made interesting by the fossil musician.

Mr. Virgil and his practice clavier took up the remaining part of the opening day. Mr. Virgil uttered a good many truisms, such as that "whoever could not play a passage or composition correctly with single hands, certainly could not execute the same correctly with both hands"; but his lecture, together with Miss Julie Geyer's illustrations on the clavier, was of undoubted educa-

tional value. The subject is, however, getting somewhat stale, for Mr. Virgil has now been "demonstrating" amongst us for some time.

The second day of the Conference fell on New Year's Day, which means that no serious business was done. In Edinburgh the fatherly magistrates shut all the bars on the opening day of the year, with the result that everybody lays in his whisky the night before, and has a royal time behind his drawn blinds, while the visitor from the country is parading the streets breathing curses both loud and deep. The musicians fell in with the general plan, and had their banquet in the Royal Hotel. It was a very grand affair, with a company of somewhere about three hundred and twenty ladies and gentlemen around the tables. Sir A. C. Mackenzie presided, and of course there were "the usual toasts," which brought out the usual pleasant nothings of such occasions. Sir Alexander made the best speech of the evening, but even he had nothing more serious to say than that the I.S.M. performed a very high function in bringing its members thus together to talk over their profession with the aid of a cigar and a bottle of wine.

Before the banquet a meeting of members was held, at which it was agreed to have next year's Conference at Cardiff. London was also proposed, but your Incorporated musician already knows his London, and naturally he voted pretty solid for a fresh holiday centre. The chairmen at Cardiff will be Mr. F. H. Cowen, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Signor Randegger—not a very imposing trio. At the same meeting a committee was appointed to consider and adopt the best means of approaching County Councils on the subject of teaching music in schools. The importance of "securing the services of professional teachers" being an essential recommendation, the motion for the appointment of the committee was of course carried *nem. con.* A member proposed that a general benevolent fund should be started for the Society, but the proposal was voted a year's rest.

The third day of the Conference brought us nothing very interesting in the way of lectures. It was emphatically a Mackenzie day. The Principal of the R.A.M. was to have been made an Edinburgh Doctor of Music in April last, but he could not attend the graduation ceremony, and the "laureation" was postponed until the present occasion. Professor Niecks, who somewhat daringly declared that the absence in April was deeply "deplored" within and without the University, introduced Sir Alexander to the proper authorities in a speech which might have been taken, for the most part, from a biographical dictionary. Beginning with the fact that "Alexander Campbell Mackenzie was born in this town on the 22nd of August, 1847," the Professor went on with the details of the composer's career as placidly as if everybody were hearing these details for the first time. Having worked off these details, he had something to say about what has come to be called nationalism in music, and particularly about Mackenzie's position in regard to this phase of the art. The accumulators, exaggerators, and elaborators of the external peculiarities of folk-music are, said Professor Niecks, but pretenders. Only he is truly Scottish who is Scottish in thought and feeling, and expresses what he thinks and feels unaffectedly. Sir Alexander Mackenzie has kept himself free from narrow nationalism, and has at the same time proved himself Scottish to the core. When the young Scottish school has grown older, the new generation will look upon him as the founder of that school, and they will look upon him also as one of the most notable and weighty of its representatives, recognising his earnestness, high aims, and perfect mastery over the resources of his art, but at the same time appreciating more fully qualities and beauties as yet discovered only by a minority. This was convincing, and the usual formula for such occasions—"that the candidate is eminently worthy of the honour to be bestowed upon him"—having been taken as read, Sir Alexander was made an Edinburgh Mus. Doc. without further ceremony.

After the "laureation" Professor Niecks read a paper on "The Association of Tonal and Verbal Speech." The best thing in the

paper was the plea, already made by Sir A. C. Mackenzie, for the setting of better words by composers. Musicians have been known to boast that they could set the multiplication table to music; Professor Niecks says they often set far less interesting things. It all comes of the itch that some people have for composing: they don't take time to consider the words. It comes also, no doubt, sometimes of composers not knowing bad words from good—for your average song composer as a rule has no more in his head than your average organist.

Mr. Franklin Petersen, Mus. Bac., emulated the sensational Stead, and called his paper "The Bitter Cry of the Children." The children cry quite enough, in all conscience; but in my experience they don't cry much about "irrationalism in teaching what is called the elements of music." Mr. Petersen says they do, but even his depth of fur collar did not convince me. Theory may be 'a nasty word' with children, but that is because most musicians do not know how to make theory interesting to children. They are like the clergymen whom you have sometimes heard addressing an audience of juveniles in language fit for a philosopher.

I have said this was emphatically a Mackenzie day. And so it was. In the evening we had a choro-orchestral concert in the Music Hall, and the works performed were all Mackenzie's, and conducted by Mackenzie. I went with the honourable intention of sitting out the affair, but I soon began to feel that so much Mackenzie would be like an overdose of haggis, and I fled—after doing my best to explain the nature of a "pibroch" to a Cockney musician sitting beside me. Of course the native element in the audience was hugely delighted with the fine national flavour of the music, and there was immense enthusiasm displayed throughout the evening.

The last day of the Conference brought us one of the most important papers of the week—that by Professor Prout on "The Orchestra from 1800 to 1900." This paper I regard as so interesting and so valuable that I give it practically entire in another column. Mr. Roylands Smith, of Torquay, followed the Professor with a paper on "Choral Associations: their Aims and Objects." The subject is old, and Mr. Smith did very little to galvanise it into life. One dreadful suggestion he made, namely, that a training college should be started for organists. As if we had not enough musical institutions already!

A paper which excited a good deal of discussion was read by Mr. S. Midgley, of Bradford. This daring man, as we had already learned from certain little articles of his in the *Violet Cover*, wants to re-edit the pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven in accordance with modern ideas. The paper read at the Conference was meant to show that Beethoven was hampered by the five-octave keyboard of his day, and that he would in certain specified instances have written quite otherwise than he did write if he had not been so hampered. Mr. Midgley drew an absurd parallel between the Bible and the works of the great musicians. The Old and New Testaments, said he, have been revised; the writings of musicians might be revised too! If the musicians had written in Greek or in Hebrew, and we wanted to turn them into the best English that modern scholarship could command, the parallel might hold good. But the two cases have no possible connection as matters stand; and it was comforting to find that the whole body of musicians who heard Mr. Midgley were dead against his proposed interference with Beethoven. Professor Prout, who was in the chair, jumped upon the iconoclast at once, and others followed his example with welcome alacrity.

The Conference was brought to an end with a reception and dance, given by the Lord Provost and magistrates. The graduates came out in their academic robes, and, with their lady friends, made an assemblage of much brilliance and animation. But the crowd was too great, through many people being invited who had no earthly connection with music or musicians. Carriages at 1.30 a.m., said the invitation card; but I was sipping my wine at home before ten o'clock had struck.



Dramatic Notes.



AFTER THE SLUMP.

THE end of 1895 saw a truly record "slump" in the theatrical world, the most notable collapse being that of Mr. Pinero's *Benefit of the Doubt*. For whatever reason, the public have given pretty plain evidence of their weariness of problem plays and sex dramas, and optimism—real or feigned—is now the order of the day. Even in *The Sign of the Cross* with all its blood-freezing horrors, I don't think Mr. Wilson Barrett has ventured to provide any one with a "past," he has only allowed them a "present"—and most of them pretty shady ones at that, but still a "present." And so the reaction is going on all round. I have therefore only taken two of the most important plays of the new order, as they are representative in a considerable degree of the trend of dramatic impulse just now.

At the Comedy, Sidney Grundy's *The Late Mr. Castello* is an attempt at the cheery farce of the early Pinero days. The dialogue has much sparkle, the mounting is admirable, the actors are nearly all in the first rank, but one wants some explanation of that nightly undercurrent of desultory conversation amongst pittites. It cannot be the lack of incident, for is not *The Squire of Dames* (an equally unincidental play) as delightfully interesting as can well be? No; after sitting the whole thing out, I could only find one suggestion for the entire lack of enthusiasm, or even decent interest in the piece. To pull it out of the fire it is necessary that at least the representative of the alternately love-lorn and satanic Captain Trefusis should have a thorough grip of his part. Mr. Leonard Boyne lacks that grip to a truly pathetic degree. It is not his fault that he is not a Wyndham or a Chas. Hawtrey, but a Wyndham or a Hawtrey will have to be found if the piece is to have a longer run than I am at this moment prepared to prophesy for it.

As far as the story goes, that is simple enough. Mrs. Bickerdyke (Miss Rose Leclercq) has two daughters, Avice (Miss Esmé Beringer) and Sadie (Miss Winifred Emery), the latter of whom is married to Mr. Castello. That gentleman disappears one day when hunting wild beasts, his disconsolate widow returns to her mother, and then the trouble begins. Just as Mrs. Bickerdyke is in hopes of getting Avice comfortably married, this terribly fascinating little widow appears upon the scene, and without the slightest matrimonial intent attaches all Avice's eligible bachelors to herself, notably the ancient Sir Pinto Wanklyn (Mr. Cyril Maude) and Jack Uniacke (Mr. J. G. Grahame). While she thus disports herself, Avice's chances become more and more desperate, until by a lucky coup, the incorrigible Sadie is picqued into, clinching the matrimonial bargain with Sir Pinto. All this while the sardonic Captain Trefusis has been hovering round with the fixed determination of breaking down the little widow's coquettish defences and securing her for himself, and the chief interest of the play centres round their game of cross purposes and alternate attempts at check-mating each other. Trefusis shows from the first that he sees through Sadie's little wiles, and he finally scores his point by successfully frightening Sir Pinto off his hymeneal bargain, and finally with the assistance of the rest of her happy family, persuading Sadie that Mr. Castello is alive and has returned to claim her. This surprises her into a confession of her hatred for Castello, and a frantic and somewhat irrelevant appeal to Trefusis for help. Of course the usual results follow: Trefusis marries her, Sir Pinto attaches himself to Mrs. Bickerdyke who has long secretly adored him, Avice marries Jack Uniacke and happiness reigneth around. As the amazing little flirt we have Miss Winifred Emery in an entirely new rôle, which shows how versatile are the powers of that charming actress. Miss Rose Leclercq plays the matron with humorous unction, and as the sorely worried Avice, Miss Esmé Beringer is sprightly and pleasing. Needless to say, Mr. Cyril Maude is the antiquated Sir Pinto, and his amusing study is in his best style. Of the invertebrate character of Jack Uniacke, Mr. Grahame makes the most, while as Trefusis, Mr.

Leonard Boyne has a part to which he is evidently unsuited, and it can therefore hardly be regarded as his fault that he fails to rise to the occasion. That hardy annual, Mr. J. Byron—I ought to add—plays the necessary liveried menial with a sleek dignity, worthy of the best traditions of Jeames' unctuous tribe.

I need not go into the familiar story of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, but I note a curious coincidence in connection with Mr. Alexander's production. While the author (Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins) is son of the former Headmaster of Leatherhead School, Mr. Herbert Waring (who plays Black Michael) is brother of the present one. As far as the St. James' representation goes, it shares the disadvantages of almost every play adapted from a novel—particularly a romantic one. Not that Mr. Rose's version is at fault; he has shown both literary skill and complete knowledge of stage-craft in his adaptation, but he could obviously not produce by stage effects that tense excitement which is the chief charm of Mr. Hope's spirited descriptions. Mr. Rose has added—somewhat unnecessarily—a prologue, but I was not sorry for that, as it gave Mr. Alexander a chance of playing Prince (afterwards King) Rudolf with a kingly dignity, which was wholly admirable; admirable also were Messrs. Glenney and Day in their only too brief parts of Earl Rassendyll and his servant. Of Mr. Alexander, in the double rôle of Rudolph V. and Rudolph Rassendyll I am dumb, and wild horses would not drag a confession from me. I am content, however, to admire his dexterity as a quick-change-artist. Black Michael on the stage partakes much of the nature of a lay figure, but in the hands of an artist like Mr. Waring, the character acquired a vitality and force which a less talented actor could not have lent it. Miss Olga Brandon's name was doubtless useful in reinforcing an exceptionally strong cast, but as she has next to nothing to do, I don't quite see the object of her presence in so microscopic a part. The most convincing of the ladies was without doubt Miss Lily Hanbury; in less capable hands Antoinette de Mauban would have become a great bore—if one may use that disrespectful term of a lady. One expects a finished performance from Miss Millard, and in her Princess Flavia I was not disappointed. Mr. W. N. Vernon makes an excellent bluff old Colonel Sapt, while his *fidus Achates*, Mr. Arthur Royston—who is everlastingly on the stage for no apparent reason beyond making conversation—carries himself well through a thankless part. Mr. Allan Aynsworth like Mr. Cautley, has little to do, but does his little well. I wish, however, he would not shiver and shake in such a paralytic manner when introduced to the mock king. Burlesque is an admirable thing in its place, but it is irritatingly inappropriate in this instance. I need hardly say that the mounting of the play is as conscientiously carried out as things always are carried out at the St. James'. Mr. Slaughter has written some pretty incidental music, which—like the play itself—must not be taken too seriously. It would be equally harmless and appropriate at a Lyceum pantomime, Sanger's circus, or a charity bazaar. I also admired the foresight of Duke Michael in having on the premises a full choir to sing his requiem within ten seconds of his lamented decease. One expects these things in stageland, and I have often wondered who was the medieval Mr. Stedman who catered on these occasions, and sent the soul of the warrior to heaven—or elsewhere—"on the shortest notice," accompanied by dotted minims and chords of the Neapolitan sixth.

Those who like to see a healthy play well acted and well staged ought not to miss the opportunity of seeing *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

Every one I think has admired the plucky way in which Wilson Barrett suffered his temporary eclipse, and fought his way back to recognition in London again. Judging by the booking at the Lyric he has evidently come to stay. Best of good luck to him, and of his play, *The Sign of the Cross*, more anon. PITT.

A Batch of Biographies.

THIS is the age of the interviewer and the gossip-monger, so 'tis small wonder that the mighty heart of the great Public (large "P" please!) should be more concerned in yearning after biographic details of celebrities than in serious study of the arts of which they are the recognised exponents. The latest of such publications is Mr. A. Mason Clarke's "A Biographical Dictionary of Fiddlers," published by Reeves. By "Fiddlers" we are to understand all those who handle the bow, whether it be of Fiddle, 'Cello or Contra-basso. The author begins by stating that he has spared no effort to render the work as complete as possible, and reassured by this assertion of special up-to-dateness, we open his pages in the full confidence of finding fairly complete information respecting our present-day favourites. Alas! however, not a line about Willy Burmester, Johannes Woolf, Arbos, Gabrielle Wiebrowetz, Eugène Ysaye, or even our one and only Tivadar Nachez, the idol of West End "At Homes"—the complimented of our "ever charming Princess of Wales." Frequenters of the Green Room Club will also feel a pang at the omission of the leonine Van Biene, though possibly he himself would feel more honoured by a place in a new "Cavendish" than a niche in Mr. Clarke's temple of fame among those who wield the bow. Still, we think Frida Scotta, or Willy Hess might have claimed a line or two at least. But this element of disproportion is as evident in the details of older executants, as in those of more recent date. While Paganini has no less than thirty-two pages all to himself, and Ole Bull a special supplement of eight, Piatti is dismissed with half a page. This latter is the more strange in view of the four pages devoted to Joachim. Spohr comes in for thirteen pages, and Viotti eleven, and our living Sarasate and Lady "Hallé" receive, respectively, nearly one, and one and a half. The only *raison d'être* for such a book can be, that it should contain a fuller account of string players than has hitherto been published, and in view of the lack of the sense of proportion shown by the compiler, we cannot congratulate him on having succeeded in his endeavour. In a book which professes to be biographical rather than critical, it were out of place to apply severe critical tests in a review. Suffice it to say, however, that since great literary gifts are uncalled for in a work of this kind, the author's style is sufficiently lucid and intelligible to render his volume, in spite of other obvious defects, fairly interesting to the average uncritical reader.

Of a different stamp is Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain's "Wagner Reminiscences," or, to give it the full title, "Richard Wagner, mit zahlreichen Porträts, Faksimiles, Illustrationen, und Beilagen,"—published by Bruckmann, of Munich. It is essen-

tially written for the general reader, as the number of admirable illustrations would indicate. Of Wagner himself there are no fewer than twenty portraits, mostly unpublished until now. His mother, his "sister, cousins, and aunts," and numerous unknown relatives gain a reflected glory by the presence of their features among pages devoted to their great kinsman. Pictures of friends and patrons abound, as also do those of places which he honoured by residing; in and besides all this we have the scenes in which he laid the action of his pieces. Diving-bell observations under the Rhine might possibly have resulted in a further interesting series of illustrations of "scenes in which he laid the action of his pieces," and for the same cause the Valhalla cataclysm is to be regretted, since it has deprived the artist of what would doubtless have rendered more complete this collection of scenes "sketched on the spot." Before leaving the illustrations, mention should be made of some of great artistic excellence, notably those portraits of Schiller, Schopenhauer and Beethoven which hung in Wagner's study in Bayreuth, and the drawing of Liszt in his youth, by Ingres. Madame Wagner has placed at Mr. Chamberlain's disposal the valuable collections of Wahnfried, and the collection of autographs is as varied as the pictures. Mr. Chamberlain has followed a definite plan, in dividing his book into three parts: the Life, the Doctrine, and the Work of Wagner. His biographical facts are—we are bound to say—subordinated in a skilful way to the intelligent presentment of these three points. In "the Life" he shows his sense of proportion by the absence of more irrelevant gossip, noting only those events which may reasonably be supposed to have played a considerable part in the Master's mental evolution. In this attempt to show "Wagner the human" we must say Mr. Chamberlain has achieved his purpose to a considerable extent. In "the Doctrine" section, treating of the philosophic and political side of his subject, Mr. Chamberlain's reflections are often original and striking, and indicative of the capacity to give us at some future time a more extensive study of a subject of which he is evidently an earnest and intimate student. In the third portion of the book, the author travels over a well-worn track, but with intelligence and clearness. He avoids—evidently with design—any attempt at criticism of Wagner's work: he rather chooses to present us with what the musician has left of himself. In these days of crude theorizing by raw critics, the moderation and restraint of Mr. Chamberlain are the more commendable, and on the lines which he has chosen to select, his book is a valuable contribution to Wagnerian literature.

Music in Elementary Schools.

WE are all acquainted with the wonderful advance which class-singing has made in our Board schools, and with the efforts of the various competitors in the recent public competition at Queen's Hall fresh in my mind, I felt a little curious to know the condition of things in this respect in their "Voluntary" rivals' midst. There can be few who, in these days of hot controversy on the school question, remain ignorant of the respective claims or merits of either "Voluntary" or "Board" institutions, and it is therefore hardly necessary to say, that so far as the Government requirements and tests are concerned, the same "code" of instruction is laid down and exacted in elementary schools of whatever nature the foundation of the school may be. A "table" of the time allotted to each

subject is drawn up each year for the approval of Her Majesty's Inspector, and to this the teacher is rigidly bound to adhere. Now I do not speak without due knowledge when I say, that although the time set apart for music in our London Board Schools is ample for the preparation of the amount required by Government, no person of experience would venture to assert that it is sufficient to achieve the splendid results which are shown in the public exhibitions of Board School singing. These public exhibitions are a striking testimony to the musical ability and intelligence of the teachers; but as a test of *work done during school hours*, they are highly misleading. "Overtime" must be resorted to, and it is no uncommon thing, in such schools as are jealous of their musical reputation, to find practices beginning half

an hour before morning school, and continuing (when the day of competition is near) for a couple of hours after the afternoon's work is over, to say nothing of time spent in this way on Saturdays. Hence it is unfair to compare "Board" and "Voluntary" singing without this fact being duly borne in mind.

Through the courtesy of various Managers and Headmasters, I have been privileged to visit a number of voluntary schools, and hear for myself what is the state of music there. I content myself with naming St. Alban's Boys' School, Holborn, as the Headmaster, Mr. C. W. Rule, had no previous warning of my visit, and could not therefore have specially prepared any music for it.

As a church choirmaster of some experience, I can testify with much bitterness of soul to the weary work involved in breaking trebles of the vicious methods of vocalization which they had acquired in their respective schools: the raucous chest notes, without the semblance of a blend between them and the choky strident upper register, are but too well known to every long-suffering church organist. It was therefore with both pleasure and surprise that I listened to the easy manner in which Mr. Rule's lads sang their scales,—the "break" almost imperceptible; the upper notes as high as B₂ taken without any painful straining, and as clear as a bell. After this followed various "sight" and "ear" tests, and the correctness with which they were done made me regret somewhat that I could not always draw choirboys from a school where they are so well grounded in theory as with Mr. Rule. A harmonium stood near, so remembering the great difficulty in keeping the average church choir in tune with 16 ft.

manual work out, I asked Mr. Rule to pull out his Bourdon in addition to the other 8 ft. stops, and accompany them for awhile. Even this infallible recipe for flatness failed to bring them down. As my time was getting short they finished with some duets and trios sung most effectively, in the selection of which Mr. Rule's good taste was apparent. They were all of the folk-song type—none of Messrs. Curwen and Co.'s transatlantic rubbish, which for so many years was all one ever heard in Elementary Schools. Thanks to Sir John Stainer's influence, and the recent school publications of Novello, the days of "the Blackbird," and such like trashy collections are numbered.

"What time do you devote per week to secure such capital results?" I asked Mr. Rule on leaving.

"Only one hour for each class," was his reply.

"No 'overtime'?"

"No 'overtime.' I find that I can comfortably get them up to the Government standard of requirements without it, though, of course, for anything beyond that, I daresay I might find it necessary."

The character of the singing at St. Alban's Church, Holborn, is well known to every London musician, and after my visit to this school, from which its trebles are drawn, I began to understand something of the reason for its excellence. For these results, of course, Mr. Adams the organist is responsible, and great credit they do him; but I think he would be the first to admit that some initial trouble is spared him by the careful grounding his trebles receive in their school.

Accidentals.

AT the Bournemouth Musical Festival this year, the works for performance will be Mr. Cowen's *The Transfiguration*, Dr. Bridge's *Inchcape Rock*, and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*. Both Mr. Cowen and Dr. Bridge will personally conduct their compositions. The general musical director of the Festival is Dr. William Lemare.

The value of the late Sir Charles Halle's personal estate has been sworn at £6,369.

Madame Marie Roze has had a small theatre erected at her studio in Paris, in order to let her operatic pupils have practical stage tuition.

Mr. E. S. Dove, retired bank clerk, of Kilsley, Northamptonshire, has left £1,800 to the R.A.M., £1,300 to the R.C.M., and £500 to the R.C.M. and Guildhall School of Music, for specified objects connected with the advancement of musical education.

In 1894 the Germans had £405,150 from us for pianos. The bombastic William was evidently not informed of this when he sent that telegram to the Transvaal.

Mr. F. G. Edwards has written a history of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, which Novello will publish shortly. The book will contain much new information from sources not hitherto accessible, and many interesting letters from Mendelssohn to his friends Bartholomew, Klingemann, Schubring and others, will appear in it. Sir George Grove has promised an "Introduction." This is the jubilee year of *Elijah*.

A Dresden musical antiquary, Herr Schmid, has discovered positive evidence that the work commonly known as Joseph Haydn's *only* string quintet (in C major) is really the work of his brother Michael, and that it was written—or at least finished—on February 17, 1773. It was originally called "Notturmo a cinque stromenti."

Some of the musical papers are again retailing that hoary "chestnut" about the deaf man hearing for the first time when he went to a Wagner performance.

The director of the Milan Conservatoire gets £240 a year, with house and food; two composition teachers get £120 each; three of singing, £100 each; two of piano, £80 each; and so on down the scale.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin has got an illuminated address for his official kindness to the I.S.M. at their tenth annual conference in the Irish capital. It will be the turn of the Edinburgh Lord Provost now. It is so easy to be kind at the expense of the ratepayers!

The *Church Times* tells a good story of Bishop Hills, which is worth quoting. "One bright Monday morning the bishop was standing talking to Mr. Pearson, the vicar of Darlington, when a Mr. Maughan came up and handed him some sovereigns, saying, 'That, my lord, is our yesterday's collection for your fund.' At once the vicar took off his hat, and bowing, quoted the beginning of Spofforth's notable glee, 'Hail! smiling morn, that tips the hills with gold.'"

The *Portsmouth Mail* tells us that Mr. George Miller, Mus. Bac., bandmaster of the R.M.L.I., has been offered the post of Director of Music at Kneller Hall, in succession to the late Lieutenant Griffiths. Mr. Miller has, however, declined the position, which, by the way, was offered to him five years ago previous to the examination being held which resulted in Mr. Griffiths securing the appointment. The post has, we understand, been thrown open to competition.

At Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, this term there will be two Art courses, one on "The Beginning of Modern Music," by Mrs. Brownlow; the other on "The National Gallery," by Miss Mary Marten.

It is stated by the newspaper *L'Italie*, that an antiquarian of Rome, M. G. Koppe, has just discovered a splendid set of four instruments by Stradivarius. They consist of two violins, a viola and violoncello, which Stradivarius made by order of Cardinal Albroni, for Philip the Fifth of Spain. Each instrument bears

in relief the arms of the Spanish Bourbons and the following inscription :

"Antonius Stradivarius faciebat Cremona MDCCXVIII."

The instruments are said to be very well preserved.

The Paris Opera receives from the Government an annual subsidy of about £32,000; L'Opéra-Comique, £16,000; Le Théâtre Français, £9,600; and L'Odéon, £2,400.

According to *Le Ménestrel*, when Sir Arthur Sullivan asked Mascagni in what capital of Europe he would prefer to live, the latter replied, "From 9 to 11 o'clock in London; from 11 till 5 in Paris; from 5 to 7 in Vienna; and from 7 to 10 in Buda-Pesth; and after 10 o'clock in the evening at Berlin."

The total income of the Leeds Festival is £10,953 7s. 7d., practically the same as in 1892. The expenditure reaches £8,938 3s. 6d., leaving a net balance of £2,015 4s. 1d., which, with the exception of some £15, goes to the local charities.

A "Year Book of Music" is about to be started by Messrs. Virtue, the publishers. It will record all the important musical doings of the twelve months.

During last season Miss Lilian Russell succumbed to the fad for bicycling. She found it so fascinating that her devotion to it is said to have been the reason for the postponement of her August engagement at Abbey's to February. Not so long ago Lilian passed as a "find" at the London music halls, where her salary was £10 a week. When D'Oyley Carte engaged her first, he gave her £30 a week.

As great doubt was expressed at the time of Stavenhagen's appointment to the post of Kapellmeister at Weimar, as to his qualifications for conducting operatic performances, it is only fair to say that he seems to have acquitted himself so well as to give satisfaction even to those who opposed his appointment.

Boito's opera *Nerone*, which has been much talked about in Italy for several years, has at last, it is said, reached completion, mainly through Verdi's encouragement and efforts. It remains to be seen whether the new works of the librettist-composer will attain to the success of *Mefistofele*.

Haydn's little comic opera, *Der Apotheker*, which was revived at Dresden a few months ago, after its long repose of a hundred and

twenty-five years, has now been given also at Vienna and Hamburg. At Vienna it was received with such favour that Dr. Hanslick thought it advisable to temper the enthusiasm with a little criticism. He says that Haydn was anything but an opera composer; that he set the most trumpery music to the most stupid subjects. Rather a nasty dose for *The Apothecary*!

"We shall win our case," said Dr. Bridge; and he has practically won it. Purcell brought him some £1,500, and, after paying expenses, that sum will suffice to erect the north case of the organ in the Abbey (over against Purcell's grave) and to begin the other.

Herr Lederer, once famous as a Wagnerian opera singer, has shot himself at Frankfort. Unfortunately for the anti-Wagnerians, he was driven to the deed by poverty.

Eugene d'Albert is now married again—for the third time! The lady is Hermione Finck, formerly an opera-singer at Weimar. Hermione has shown some courage.

Mascagni has, in an open letter to an Italian paper, declared his intention of definitely giving up for a time any idea of producing new operas.

The Emperor William has next taken to show some of his bandmasters how to conduct. Recently he conducted some military marches, and had a piece repeated under his own baton because he thought it should be taken quicker.

The Guarnerius violin, a very fine instrument, dated 1741, which belonged to the late Mr. Carrodus, has been sold for £370. Mr. Carrodus paid £500 for it some years ago. Why the fall in price?

Want of space obliged us to omit mention last month of a concert given in December, at Ladbroke Hall, by Miss Ada Hall. We notice it at this late date because of the great promise shown by the concert-giver as a reciter. Miss Hall was well supported by some excellent artists, but we were particularly struck by the talent which so young a lady showed, both in the selection of her recitations and her manner of delivery. Miss Hall has a taking presence and a sympathetic voice, and in these days, when the amateur reciter is so very much abroad, it is refreshing to come across real, good taste and elocutionary talent.

Music in Newcastle.

THE Gateshead Choral Society gave their first concert of the season in the Town Hall on December 17. This Society has grown gradually since 1883, the date of its formation, until it has now 400 voices, and is, without doubt, in the first rank of choral societies. The oratorio performed was Handel's *Israel in Egypt*; and in commemoration of the birth of Beethoven the orchestra played the overture to *Coriolanus* at the commencement. To say what must be said about the principals first, they were Miss Lily Heenan, Miss H. M. Stevenson, Miss Lilian Hovey, and Mr. Lloyd Chandos. Mr. Chandos commenced and even in the first recitative showed that he was in good voice. In the air "The enemy said" his handling of the florid passages was easy and masterly. The duet for contralto and tenor, "Thou in thy mercy" was delightfully given. Miss Hovey sang pleasantly in "Their land brought forth frogs," and in "Thou shalt bring them in" her low notes told with fine effect. Miss Heenan and Miss Stevenson sang the duet "The Lord is my strength." Their voices blended splendidly, and their interpretation touched close upon perfection. Miss Heenan, a native of Newcastle, who is now singing with the Carl Rosa Opera Company, received quite an ovation after "Thou didst bless." In this oratorio, as every one knows, the heavy work falls

on the chorus. Mr. Preston may be warmly congratulated on the result of the joint labours of himself and his choir. The subtler nuances were skilfully managed, and the light and shade could scarcely be beaten; and this was especially noticeable in the chorus "But as for his people." The "Hailstone" chorus and the first and last choruses of the second part were, I think, the best; but they were all so uniformly good that it is difficult and perhaps a little unfair to pick out any one for special praise. As a contrast to the three choruses last mentioned, the soft ones "He sent a thick darkness" and "The depths have covered them" were fine. The duet "The Lord is a man of war" was sung by all the tenors and basses, and a repetition was insisted on by the audience, who had by this time waxed very enthusiastic. The orchestra, led by Mr. J. H. Beers, rendered the *Coriolanus* overture firmly and forcibly, and in the accompaniments was nearly all that could be desired.

A performance of the *Messiah* was given by the Newcastle Harmonic Society on December 23. It fell a little flat, perhaps, after the concert just discussed. Miss Jone, the contralto, sang "He was despised" with deep feeling. The other principals were Miss Gertrude Hughes (soprano), Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys (tenor), and Mr. Llewellyn (bass). OCTAVIUS.

Our London Organists.

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MR. VOLANTI ARMITAGE.



I HAD for some time known St. Joseph's Retreat by repute, but it was not until late last December that I found an opportunity of hearing their service, and making the acquaintance of the very capable organist who is responsible for the rendering of it. I arrived while Vespers were in progress, and was struck with the fine effect of the psalms as sung by the whole body of priests in unison. The familiar old tones rolled down the church rich and sonorous, the acoustic properties of the large building enhancing the effect, and softening the asperities of individual voices. Vespers over, the West End choir in the organ gallery, hitherto silent, set to work on Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. I am no lover of that theatrical and flighty work, but I have nothing but praise for the vigorous and intelligent way in which Mr. Armitage's forces tackled it. There was no orchestra, but its absence could hardly be a matter for regret, since it gave one a chance of enjoying the masterly way in which the accompaniments were "orchestrated" by the organist on the large three-manual instrument which the church boasts. The "Sempiterna secula" chorus, too, went with a steadiness and promptness of attack which spoke volumes for the capacity of the choir and the sound coaching of its conductor. I was also entirely unprepared for such admirable solo-singing as I heard. The principal tenor has a most sympathetic voice, of extensive range, and sang like an artist; while as to the bass, I need say nothing beyond the fact that he was none

other than Mr. Ludwig, who always gives his services to St. Joseph's when in town. I ought perhaps to mention that the "Magnificat" was sung in excellent style to a most elaborate setting. I wish, however, I could say that it was as interesting as it was difficult.

After service was over, the librarian, Mr. —, took me into his special domain, in which it is easy to see he takes no small pride. And he has every reason for so doing, for I have seldom seen a more extensive *répertoire* in a church, or one better kept. Every variety of Mass is represented, from Beethoven in C, to the latest lucubrations of Mr. Santley or Father Turner; while as for "Magnificats," "Offertories," and "Motets," their name is legion. All are arranged on shelves, docketed, and indexed, and, last but not least, rendered as nearly choir-boy-proof as brown paper can make them.

Mr. Armitage, as I afterwards learnt in the course of a short chat with him, was only born in 1869, so that he has a long artistic career before him.

"I presume you began music when very young?" I remarked on hearing this.

"Yes. My father, a well-known Leeds organist, taught me all I know, but *when* he began I really find it difficult to say. I seem to have been learning music ever since I can recollect anything."

"When did you make your first public appearance?"

"I used to play opening voluntaries for my father when I was only seven, and reaching the pedals was a matter of difficulty, but my first organ appointment was at the Church of the English Martyrs, Tower Hill. I was then twelve. I remained there seven years, and I always look back on that time as the period during which I really began to get a mastery over the instrument. Instead of going home after Mass, I used to lunch near the church, and spend the whole of the time until Vespers in practising. Those quiet afternoons of hard work have proved invaluable to me. I don't mean to say that I have neglected practice since; I always make a point of putting in at least a couple of hours' practice every day at piano or organ."

"And your subsequent career, Mr. Armitage?"

"Oh, after a few years at SS. Mary and Michael, E., where I had very uphill work with the choir, I was appointed to SS. Mary and Joseph, Poplar, where musical affairs were in a much more advanced state. I had there the assistance of an excellent musician in the person of Father Sutra, whose work with the choir was most valuable, and enabled us to obtain splendid results. From that post I was appointed here, and as far as the singing is concerned—well, you will be best able to judge of that yourself."

"What is the full strength of your choir here?"

"Counting the sanctuary boys it numbers sixty voices, but I consider myself fortunate in having the frequent assistance of the greatest London singers, and Mr. Henry J. Wood, too, takes a great interest in our work. He conducted his own Mass a few Sundays ago, and will conduct Beethoven in C, with full orchestra, on Christmas Day."

"I notice a good many new names of composers in your service lists."

"Yes; we make a special point here of giving a hearing to new works, and, following the lead of Mr. Santley, a number of other composers have written Masses specially for us."

At this point I was obliged to take my leave, considerably impressed with the enthusiasm of this young organist, whose modesty concerning his own achievements was only equalled by the ungrudging credit which he was so ready to give to the efforts of others in any way connected with him in his musical work.

Our Contemporaries.

THERE was a time when the summary of the year's musical activity meant and could only mean a list of the principal concerts, with a slight seasoning of comment thrown in to make the dish palatable. For good or evil that time is now past. In these days we look chiefly for an increase in the number of native artists who may fairly be regarded as among the great artists of the world, for an increase in the number of compositions by Britishers, and for an improvement in the quality of these compositions. These are the chief tests of artistic progress, though of course there are others—such, for instance, as a survey of the kind of music which the public has most eagerly listened to, an estimate of the numbers who have attended opera seasons, cheap or dear, where audiences are not paid to attend, even on a first night. Applying these tests, the *Monthly Musical Record*, in its summary of 1895, finds that on the whole the taste for music is spreading, though not with lightning speed. It is improving, despite the liking, still alive in certain quarters, for cheaply written and cheaply published royalty ballads, and for other pieces of bad music; and though neither the spread of it nor its improvement is too obvious if we compare the year 1895 with 1894, yet if we compare 1895 with 1875, or still more with 1855, we shall find that there is every reason to feel hopeful with regard to our future prospects. Very good for the *Record*, which is distinctly a Continental-toned journal.

The *Orchestral Association's Gazette* is much concerned about "the constant invasion of London by foreign conductors." These conductors, moreover, even the best of them, have really, in our friend's opinion, no right to the praise bestowed upon them by our musical public. First of all, the *virtuoso* conductor is not entitled to any credit for his material, for his band is usually composed of drafts from all the representative orchestras. If he were to take a lot of raw recruits and show what he could do with them, then we should be able to judge of his quality. As it is, it is simply ridiculous for critics and others to talk about the *ensemble* produced by the "new" conductor in a few moments' rehearsal with people who have been in the habit of playing together for years. In the matter of new "readings" too, our resident orchestral players must surely be the most ductile and receptive musicians in the world, for all the bushels of "novel interpretations" have been made with practically the same body of men. There is a great deal of truth about this view of the matter. The conductor of sterling worth and life-long experience who comes here has but the same measure of success as the trickster—perhaps he has less than the trickster; while those whose methods and renderings are familiar to us, and whose efforts are in the main the cause of the plaudits gained by the novelty-mongers, are voted "slow." It is just possible that by-and-by we shall not be able to appreciate a fine rendering of anything according to the composer's intentions. Changes are lightsome, and fools are fond of them.

The *British Musician* has been interviewing our old friend "Jimmy" Glover, the musical director at Drury Lane. Jimmy evidently had some funny experiences during his touring days in the provinces. He says: "I once conducted a performance of *Faust* at Paisley with a band of three—a cornet, fiddle, and piano, and at the end of the second act we were enjoined. We played it through, however, and discussed the injunction afterwards. At Tunbridge Wells I was playing the accompaniments to a variety entertainment on a grand piano when the legs of the instrument gave way, and I had to continue until the interval with a seat on the floor and the piano on my lap. Fortunately, one of its legs fell inwards, so I escaped serious injury. At Chester, on one occasion, the rain came through the roof immediately above my head, and by

the time I had finished the score was nothing but a piece of pulp, and turning over its sodden pages was an art in itself. At Burntisland, just across Edinburgh ferry, we played *Madam Favart* to a packed house, the monetary value of which was exactly £5 8s., and the chorus, owing to the smallness of the stage, had to sing in the dressing-room. These little incidents, whatever their humour may be worth, at all events give you some idea of the difficulties which a conductor has to encounter when touring under such adverse conditions." Speaking of music for pantomimes, Mr. Glover remarks: "If you think out a gloriously humorous reference in your orchestration to suit the situation which takes you weeks of thought, on the first night, when the audience are roaring, don't think that it is recognition of the result of your artistic treatment of the situation. They are laughing at the low comedian milking a cardboard cow into somebody else's hat. The best part of the music must be written before you receive the libretto. This is an old custom which it is rank heresy to try and upset. It leaves you a free hand, because, not knowing what is being sung or spoken on the stage, it assists the humour of the situation." Mr. Glover, who is on the mellow side of thirty, is an Irishman. His sister, Miss Mary Glover, is now a member of Sir Augustus Harris's English Opera Company.

One of the regular features of the *Musical Herald* is its biographical sketch of some living musician—generally a somebody, occasionally a nobody. This month it is Mr. Alfred Gibson, one of our English players, who has proved that native talent may be just as good as talent imported from the Continent. The story of Mr. Gibson's career shows that he has won his position without favour and with but little help from teachers; his attributes as a student were hard work, natural quickness of perception, and rigid self-criticism. Mr. Gibson is a Nottingham man, and is just forty-six. He has played at the Monday Pops for twelve years. He says every violinist should be a pianist, and he wishes he could himself begin every day with a Bach fugue. He declares that modern violin *virtuosi* have a tendency to take everything too fast. Sarasate plays the last movement of the Mendelssohn concerto at such an excessive speed that the wood-wind instruments cannot articulate their parts. Joachim treats the work quite differently. Mr. Gibson has nine violins, four violas, and a 'cello. A Stradivarius viola and a magnificent Guarnerius violin are the gems of his collection. The former is said to be worth £700. Joachim long cherished the hope that the quartet at the Pops should be played entirely on Strad. instruments, and with Mr. Gibson's purchase of the viola that hope was realized.

The feeble little *Lute* is severe upon "a paper called the *Musical Courier*," because it has declared that there is no class of persons so addicted to talking "shop" as musicians. Musicians talk "shop"! exclaims the little one. Not they; they never do, except under the gravest provocation. "Give them a good cigar and perhaps a little soda-water and something, and our experience tends to show that they will patiently, if not gladly, discuss anything under the sun—except music. There shines their wisdom. For the majority of those who talk about music know least of their subject. And nobody at present knows much anyhow." Easy now, friend! If musicians don't know anything about music, what do they know about? My experience is that they talk "shop" eternally, and for a very good reason—because they can't talk anything else. But perhaps they are a special race of musicians who hover around Great Marlborough Street, where the *Lute* utters its monthly squeak.

The *Nonconformist Musical Journal* tells us of a certain gentleman who walks two miles every Sunday to listen to the music in a

Congregational Church in Wales. He never enters the building, but contents himself by listening outside. "This is a compliment to the musicians of that church," says our contemporary. I cannot quite see where the compliment comes in. If the gentleman went inside to listen to the music, it would be all right, but his remaining outside seems to suggest that the singing is so bad that it is best heard at a distance. The same journal gives currency to a good story about the late Mr. Spurgeon. "What tune shall we have to this hymn?" said the witty preacher to his precentor one Sunday morning. "Redditch," replied the man with the tuning-fork. "Here, friend," said Spurgeon to a deacon present, whose hair was inclined to be reddish, "here is your tune." "But my hair is not red, it is golden," answered the deacon. "Ah, yes, golden," said the preacher, "eighteen-carat." There is an interesting article on Rinck, the author of the famous "Organ School," to which reference is made in our organ and choir notes.

The *Scottish Musical Monthly* enters a plea for the emancipation of the piano—a hopeless business. The piano, according to our contemporary, is "one of the prime causes of drunkenness, and therefore immorality." It is an instrument of torture enough in one's own room, but when one has the misfortune to live in a flat the strokes of "agonising severity" fall doubly redoubled upon the tympana, and one flees for refuge to the gin palace or the billiard room. And so the writer proceeds to plead with his fellow-countrymen to defy Fate and choose some other instrument for the domestic hearth. "Why in the world," he asks, "should every paterfamilias consider it his duty to provide a piano? True, it is a bit of furniture, but there are things to be got which would equally well fill up a room at a smaller cost. True, it is convenient; but the 'little music' one gets from it might well be spared: since for every person you please you torture twenty. Is it for love of music that people buy pianos and have their daughters laboriously instructed? Not in the least: it is as purely a conventional practice as the habit of holding afternoon teas and smiling on people for whom you do not care a straw. The girl who cannot play the piano is minus an 'accomplishment,' and is considered a very ill-brought-up member of society. It never seems to strike the average man that it is cruel to compel a girl who has neither fingers nor mind for music to spend days of her life in laborious and futile pretence at practice. Not one out of a hundred girls ever learns to play respectably, or fails to excuse herself from playing before 'company,' and yet the dear girls, when themselves mammas, insist on the same hopeless drudgery with their daughters. If half the time spent in the so-called piano practice (and let me add fancy needlework) were spent in learning poetry, or in reading the great works of master minds, our girls would grow up more intelligent, less narrow in outlook, less petty in motive and aim, and more able to take their true place in the work and thought of the world." The writer, you might say, is confounding the use of a thing with its abuse. And that is likely enough when the abuse of the thing has become its use! Another writer, Miss Mary Hargrave, discusses the same question in the *Educational Review*. Miss Hargrave, like many more people, wants to know whether it is wise to compel all girls to learn the piano. Is not drawing, she asks, equal to music as a factor in mental training? The ideal of music that it widens human sympathy, and is a moral and emotional force, is only reached by the few. The weary grind of the dull majority at the piano never gets beyond a mechanical drudgery. The music-seller who writes regularly in our Scottish contemporary has the following this month:

"Passing our ticket office the other day, I heard a little message-boy say, 'Please, sir, I want two tickets for the theatre.' 'Well,' says the clerk, 'choose your seats.' 'Oh, it's not for me; it's for another gentleman.' Shortly after, two ladies came forward: 'I want two places in the stalls, but do I require to dress there?' 'Oh, yes, ma'am; you require to dress for any part of the theatre.'" That clerk must be a wag.

The *Violin Times* has of course something to say about the

recent sale of the late Mr. Carrodus' Guarnerius violin. The instrument, which is dated 1741, realized £370. In 1893 Mr. Carrodus paid Messrs. Hill £350 for it; and when it was sold in 1882 by an agent acting on behalf of Sir A. C. Mackenzie, the price obtained for it was £400. It may evidently be taken as a general rule that instruments sold privately fetch more than when sold in the auction room. It goes without saying that the Carrodus Guarnerius was not one of the finest examples of this great maker, and that its preservation and appearance were far from perfect. The *Violin Times* is a cocksure little organ, whose principal function seems to be to correct all other writers on the fiddle but its own. It wastes far too much space in noticing the faked-up articles on rare and costly violins which are continually appearing in papers of the *Tit-Bits* class. We don't want to be eternally hearing about fiddle figures.

The *Organist and Choirmaster* is a funny magazine. It takes three doctors of music to edit it, and all three make it an advertising sheet for their own compositions. Dr. E. J. Hopkins is one of the trio. Imagine therefore my amazement (and amusement) on finding in the correspondence columns a letter reflecting upon the Westminster Abbey authorities for not having employed the worthy Doctor in some way in connection with the Purcell celebrations! Such exhibitions of bad taste should be left for characters like the inglorious Stead. However, it is possible to forgive Dr. Hopkins on account of his good stories about organ-blowers in the same issue. "One of my first blowers," he tells us, "had a most inconvenient trick of sleeping through the sermon, and not waking at its conclusion. One Sunday evening there was no wind for the hymn after the sermon. The organ had a very noisy action, and I rattled the keys well in order to wake him up, but without success. At last one of the choir-men went to the rescue, and began working the lever, at the same time administering a kick to the sleeping blower, who awoke with a start, and hearing the sound of the organ, at once mechanically caught hold of the nearest object and began to forcibly work it up and down. As this object happened to be the leg of the man who had aroused him from slumber, the poor choir-man was overturned, and lay on the ground in his surplice and cassock struggling with the blower, who did not relinquish his grip until the wind went out of the organ with the usual ghastly wail, and he then realized that what he had got hold of was not the proper lever." There used to be a blower at St. George's, Bloomsbury, who made a goodly pile at the time of the College of Organists' half-yearly examinations by blowing for the candidates who came to practise their tests previous to the examination. This blower was a blind man, and was extremely critical. He used frequently to be heard ejaculating to himself as he listened to the candidate he was blowing for, "He ain't no good, wot's the good of his coming up to be examined?" Or occasionally, when he was officiating for a better player, he might be heard to mutter, "He's all right; he needn't be afraid of nobody." Our contemporary, by the way, must look better after its printers. Dr. Vincent has been on a professional visit to South Africa, and this is how an extract from his diary is set down: "We sailed from Madeira about 1.30; weather lovely, sea smooth, numbers of flying fish and schools of porpoises attracting attention from time to time." A "school" of porpoises could hardly fail to attract attention!

The *Musical Times* is still boring us with matter about Purcell. Bennett, of course, always bores. This month he has to bethink himself "how I should fill this first page of a new volume" (why should he have to fill the first page or any other page?), and he pans out with some sentimental rubbish about "The Star of Bethlehem." Joseph is becoming a pessimist. He numbers himself among the "thoughtful," which shows a healthy modesty; and the thoughtful, he declares, are concerned because signs and symbols long revered are becoming meaningless; because new rules in life and art are being made, every man being his own lawgiver. But the first-page man does not despair. "The Star of Bethlehem

is in the sky, though lingering clouds may hide its radiance. Thus it has been in all crises of the world; thus it ever will be, unless a mutinous hand grasp the helm of the universe and God be deposed." What all this bathos has to do with music only Mr. Bennett himself can tell. For him at any rate the Star of Bethlehem seems to be the Star of Berners Street. This month, according to calculation, he fills about fourteen columns of the *Musical Times*, which is not bad for an old schoolmaster.

The Chicago *Presto*, which I see only occasionally, has a very good story, which, however, it may be well to warn the Scottish reader to pass over. I give the yarn as I find it. Here goes, and may the Celt have mercy on the soul of the man who perpetrated such a libel on the national instrument.

"A jury in Milwaukee yesterday decided that the Scotch bagpipe is not a musical instrument. There were a number of Scotchmen present, and it was all the justice, with the aid of a constable, could do to keep them from assaulting the jury. William Matthaeus sued the Wisconsin Theatre Company because a procession of the freaks in the employment of the company was headed by a man playing on a bagpipe, 'an alleged musical instrument,' which frightened a horse the plaintiff was driving. The horse never recovered, and died, and the plaintiff wanted to recover the value of the horse. Attorneys argued all day on the question as to whether the bagpipe is a musical instrument. They could not convince the jury, however, and when the plaintiff referred to the bagpipe as 'ein dudlesack' the constable had to interfere to save him from the fury of a big Scotchman. The verdict was as follows: (1) That the dudlesack (bagpipe) is not a musical instrument. (2) That the said horse, being of a nervous temperament, was scared to death by an unearthly noise made by a fiend with the aforesaid dudlesack. (3) That the plaintiff shall recover from the defendants for the said horse the sum of \$125." What a pity it is that the citizens of Jericho did not think of getting an "indemnity" from the bagpipe players who were responsible for the fall of the city walls!

The *Gazetta Musicale di Milano* has been studying the advertisements in our English musical journals. After dealing with the enormous number and variety of our announcements, it goes on to say that the individual advertisements, common in Italy, assume phenomenal proportions in England. The *Gazetta* is particularly taken with "the ingenious system of conventional abbreviations" by which the qualifications of our musicians can be stated in a very short space. "There are teachers who, in a couple of lines, announce the whole series of the titles which recommend them to your consideration, a nomenclature which, if written out in full, would occupy half-a-column. Many vocalists and pianists content themselves with the simple announcement of their names and their *répertoire*. Others add references as to their qualifications, and long press notices about their performances. Professors of harmony offer to give lessons either personally or through the post. What is the funniest thing of all is that some professors advertise their readiness to give pianoforte lessons by correspondence." Ay, that is funny. But let us do nothing to discourage the advertiser; there is money in him as well as in South Africa, and the English musical magazine dearly loves his gold.

In the German *Harmonie* there is an interesting article on the art of accompanying. Virtuosi, as we all know, usually display a lofty contempt for accompanists; they look upon their work as being quite of an inferior kind. "I remember," says the German writer, "a young pianist who was engaged at a concert in Brussels at the same time as the great German artist, Rosa Sucher. He proudly refused to accompany her, though I think it could only have been to his advantage. Truly great artists are not of this

mind. The art of accompanying is, for those who are conscientious, a matter of considerable difficulty. To accompany well great classical works is one of the most exacting tasks which the instrumentalist can have to perform, and a good accompanist is rarer than a good soloist. Indeed, the soloist is only concerned with his own playing. The accompanist has an additional task. It is true that the demands on technique are usually not so great, though there are many exceptions in modern music. But the *ensemble* is a matter of difficulty. The accompanist has to share the work with the soloist, and contribute to the latter's success without, however, receiving credit for it. But if, on the other hand, the soloist makes a mistake, one may be sure that the accompanist will receive the first outburst of his wrath. It is the accompanist who has spoilt everything; this he has done; that he has left undone." Alas! yes; it is the way of the blundering soloist.

L'Echo Musical recounts an amusing incident at a recent concert in Brussels. During a performance of a rhapsody of Brahms, M. Closson, who was conducting, at one moment made a pass too sweeping with his bâton. Striking the desk violently, it escaped from his hand to fly across the hall in an elegant curve, falling at last at the feet of the Comte d'Alvensleben, the German ambassador. Happily there were neither killed nor wounded.

Discussing the question of "What ought to be played," a writer in *The Etude* has a tilt at the feminine worship of Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*. If, he says, you practise these Songs as a study of melody and accompaniment, then you do well; but if you feed too exclusively on them they will make you too sentimental. Of the sonatas of Mozart he would have us play only what is necessary to lead to the study of Beethoven. This, because "too much of Mozart may cause a habit of phrasing of a limited nature incompatible with the large phrasing required to play Beethoven, and because the too-long-drawn sweetness of Mozart, like all sweet things, is apt to become cloying." Liszt's opera transcriptions, again, *The Etude* man will have none of. They may be useful to develop the fingers, but they will not improve the taste. What then shall we play? A little of everybody, and all that is possible of Beethoven and Bach, says the mentor. As for Chopin, the amateur's ambition ought to be checked, for the amateur does not know how to play Chopin. True, and 'tis pity 'tis true. But who is to muzzle the amateur?

To the current number of the *Young Londoner*, Mr. Thomas Harbour contributes an interesting paper on the humours of old church psalmody. It appears that congregational singing 130 years ago was almost unknown, but a new era dawned when Methodism arose. In Wesley's time it was the spirit of the words sung which led to their earnest singing; later, according to Mr. Harbour, it was the devotion to the music which inspired the energy with which the words were sung. He recalls as an apt illustration of this the tale of a certain choir which were giving Handel's chorus, "Lift up your heads," and when coming to the part "Who is the King of Glory?" the player on the bass fiddle cried out, "Throw us the resin, John, and I'll show 'em who the King of Glory is!" Tunes characterized by fugues were at one time very popular. The first book containing these tunes was published in America, and its author—one Billings—was exceedingly proud of his invention. But the repetition of a word or syllable in fuguing often led to some ridiculous variations in the meanings of lines. Thus the words—

With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord.

had to be sung, "And bow—wow—wow, And bow—wow—wow," and so on until treble, alto, tenor, and bass had bow-wowed for about twenty seconds!

The Academies.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE annual competition for scholarships took place on December 11, December 18, and December 20.

Messrs. Wilhelmj and Kummer were the judges in the violin competitions. The scholars elected were Edith Avar, Enrica Cerasoli, and Fanny Darling-Jacobs. Renewals of scholarships were also granted to Maurice Alexander and Alice Liebmman.

The judges in the pianoforte competitions were Messrs. Stephen Kemp and John Henry Leopold. The scholars elected were Rosalind Borowski, Lydia Levy, Fanny Darling-Jacobs, Jessie Maude Peake, Maude Smithers, and Daisy Watts. The following were highly commended:—Helen Cadney, Lilian Swiney and Winifred Wicks. A renewal of scholarship was granted to Kate Bruckshaw.

In the vocal competitions the judges were: Messrs. Henry Thomas and Fred Walker. The scholars elected were: Elsie Goddard, John Green, Lily Heale, Jennie Higgs and Mabel South. The examiners commended Foley Banks, Lily Bowtroy, Walter George, Minnie Porteus Rymer and Charles Smith. Renewals of scholarship were also granted to Mabel Calkin, Gilbert Denis, Edith Serpell and Alice Ethel Sinclair.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Rutson Memorial prizes (for contralto and bass) were competed for on December 12 last. The prize for contraltos was awarded to Mary A. Howard, and the examiners commended Lydia Care and Rose Dafforne. The prize for basses was given to Frederick B. Ranalow, and the commendation to William Price. The examiners were: Mrs. Lilian B. Henschel, Miss Medora Henson and R. Watkin Mills, Esq. (chairman).

Robert Cocks & Co's. prize was competed for on the 16th, and was awarded to Lily West. Alicia A. Needham, Edith Pratt, and Bessie M. Stibbs were highly commended by the examiners, who were Mdme. Fanny Frickenhaus, Miss Clinton Fynes, and G. E. Bambridge, Esq. (chairman).

The following scholarships and exhibitions were competed for on the 19th. The Westmoreland scholarship (for vocalists), was awarded to Lilian Coomber. The examiners were: Mdmes. Agnes Larkcom and Lemmens Sherrington, and Messrs. Frederic King, Arthur L. Oswald and William H. Cummings (chairman).

Claude Frederic Pollard was awarded the Lady Jenkinson's Thalberg scholarship for pianists. Messrs. Carlo Albanesi, Walter Fitton, Alfred E. Izard, Septimus Webbe and Walter Macfarren (chairman), were the examiners.

The Potter exhibition for pianists was awarded to Joseph C. Holbrook. The examiners were: Messrs. Francesco Berger, Henry R. Evers, Tobias A. Matthay, Arthur O'Leary, and Frederick Westlake (chairman).

The Hine exhibition for composers was awarded to Harriet Claiborne Dixon. The examiners, Miss Mary Carmichael, Miss Maude Valerie White, and F. Cellier, Esq., commended Elizabeth D. Nicholl.

TRINITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

The Warden of the above College (Dr. E. H. Turpin) distributed the prizes, diplomas and certificates gained at the forty-fifth half-yearly higher examinations, held in January, 1896, on Wednesday afternoon, January 15. The presentation was preceded by a speech (also by the Warden), which was highly interesting and instructive. The list of the successful competitors and examiners, as the following will show, is an exceedingly formidable one:—

COUNTERPOINT CERTIFICATES.—Joseph Almond and Margaret Hill Settle.

HARMONY CERTIFICATES.—Arthur Duxbury, George Peter Greenhalgh, Margaret Hill Settle, and Poppie Watts.

CERTIFICATED PIANISTS.—Jessimina Hermine Brock, A.T.C.L., Sylvia Elizabeth Currey, Winifred Mawson Dunn, Jessie May Edwards, Alice Matilda Fyson, Herbert Gisby, Madge Hartley, Annie Frances Hukins, Muriel Wearne Percival Iredale, Caroline Theresa James, A. Janet, I. Lawson, Florence Annie Lees, Edith Linney, Ethel Lund, Marian Malden, Jane West Merrick, Winifred Alice Moore, Ernest Arthur Moss, Leonard Mott, Nellie North, Alice Pulford, Matilda Randall, Louisa Shevlin, Florence Bocking Sibun, Edith Alma Sturton, Percy Arthur Waller, Alice Margaret Wilson, Edith Louisa Minnie Wright.

ASSOCIATE PIANISTS.—Helen Emily Choisy, Eliza Ann Craig, Mary Elizabeth Kidner, Euphie Seager, William Silverwood, Suzanne Sara Stokvis.

CERTIFICATED VIOLINIST.—Jessie Hudson.

CERTIFICATED VOCALIST.—Robert Hall.

ASSOCIATE VOCALIST.—Annie Mary James.

MATRICULATION CERTIFICATES. *Pass*.—Mary Gertrude Atkinson, John Henry Baker, Richard Billington, Margaret Blackbrough, Thomas Carey, Mary Davis, Lily Jane Pickford Evans, Edwin Farimond, William Fielden, Mildred Blanche Mapleton, Eva Rose Parkes, Edith Ellen Reville, Edith Mary Taverner, Adeline Frances Webber, Charlotte Louisa Welham. *Honours*.—Ernest Harold Harris and Elizabeth Steen.

PRELIMINARY DIVISION CERTIFICATES (*Associate in Music*).—Maria Katherine Bell, Alice Fish, and Nellie S. Rivington.

ASSOCIATES IN MUSIC.—Maude Mary Boggis, Thomas Carey, Mabel Millicent Coryn, Ernest Harold Harris, Mary Legate Hopkins, Sarah Matilda Hughes, Lindsay Kearne, Fanny Lake, Eleanor Marian Morris, George Ernest Vincent.

LICENTIATES IN MUSIC.—Elizabeth Harvey and Harry Shepherd.

PRIZES TO COLLEGE STUDENTS. *Silver Medal for Singing*.—Kate Frewer. *Pianoforte Accompaniment Prize*.—Julia Bazez. *Maybrick Prize for Ballad Singing*.—Annie Alice Wade, A.T.C.L. *Examiners*.—G. E. Bambridge, L.T.C.L.; Francesco Berger; Henry R. Bird, L.T.C.L.; Dr. William Creser; A. E. Drinkwater, M.A.; Charles Edwards; Myles B. Foster, L.T.C.L.; Alfred Gibson; Alfred Gilbert; Dr. Arthur J. Greenish; James Higgs, Mus. Bac.; Dr. E. J. Hopkins; Dr. H. G. Bonavia Hunt; Dr. Haydn Keeton; Dr. M. J. Monk; Dr. C. W. Pearce; Dr. Gordon Saunders; Dr. E. H. Turpin; Dr. A. H. Walker; and T. A. Wallworth.

Mr. H. Davan Welton will deliver a lecture on Choir Training, on Wednesday, February 12, at 8 o'clock.

The Queen Victoria Lectures will be given by Dr. Geo. M. Garrett on Tuesday evenings, March 17 and 24, at 7 o'clock. Subject: "The Smaller Works of Great Masters."

Messrs. G. and H. St. George will give a Recital of Music for the Viola d'Amour and Viola da Gamba, on February 4, at 4 o'clock.

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

The examinations for degrees in music were held on December 16, 17, and 18, at Trinity College. The following were passed by the examiners as satisfactory:—

First Examination for the Mus. Bac. degree, W. A. Taylor.

Second Examination for Mus. Bac. degree, Allan Paterson.

Examination for Mus. Doc. degree, W. H. Hannaford, Mus. Bac.

Examiners: Dr. E. Prout and Dr. J. P. Mahaffy.

On December 20, when the graduation ceremony was held, the degree of Mus. Bac. was conferred on Mr. Allan Paterson, and that of Mus. Doc. on Mr. W. H. Hannaford.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

A Scholarship, called the "Kent Scholarship," is being given by the above College "for the benefit of persons who were born in the county of Kent, who were resident in the said County of Kent during the five years immediately preceding February 21, 1896, and who are children of parents one or both of whom have resided in the said County of Kent during the five years immediately preceding February 21, 1896."

Candidates are eligible between the following ages, reckoned at the date of their Preliminary Examination, February 21, 1896:—

COMPOSITION.—Males and Females, between 13 and 21.

PIANOFORTE.—Males, between 13 and 18; Females, between 13 and 19.

ORGAN.—Males, between 13 and 19; Females, between 13 and 20.

HARP.—Males, between 13 and 18; Females, between 13 and 19.

VIOLIN or other Stringed Instruments.—Males and Females, between 13 and 18.

WIND INSTRUMENTS.—Males, between 17 and 27.

SINGING.—Males, between 18 and 24; Females, between 17 and 22.

The Preliminary Examinations will take place at Canterbury and Maidstone on Friday, February 21, and the Final Competition will be held at the College, in London, about the end of March.

This Scholarship is tenable for three years, and provides a maintenance during the College Terms (not exceeding fifty guineas per annum), as well as Free Musical education.

The Examination for Certificate of Proficiency, bearing with it the title of Associate of the Royal College of Music (A.R.C.M.), will take place at the College, as under:—

MONDAY, APRIL 20.—Pianoforte Performance, and Paper Work.

Pianoforte Teaching, Paper Work only.

TUESDAY, APRIL 21.—Pianoforte Teaching, *viva voce*.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22.—Pianoforte Teaching, *viva voce*.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23.—Pianoforte Teaching, *viva voce*.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24.—Pianoforte Teaching, *viva voce*. Teaching Singing, Paper Work only. Public Singing, and Paper Work. Organ and Paper Work. Strings and Paper Work, and Wind and Paper Work.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25.—Pianoforte Teaching, *viva voce*, and Teaching Singing, *viva voce*.

Candidates must apply not later than March 9.

The Examiners will be Messrs. Oscar Beringer, William H. Cummings, E. Dannreuther, Eaton Faning, Willy Hess, Josef Ludwig, E. Fernandez-Arbes, Richard Gompertz, Ernest Pauer, Franklin Taylor, Albert Visetti, Dr. George C. Martin, Dr. J. F. Bridge, Dr. Walter Parratt, and Dr. C. Villiers Stanford.

Preliminary Examinations for seventeen open Free Scholarships will be held on February 5, in various local centres, and the Final Competition will take place at the College in London on or about February 29.



Childhood's Tears.

Words by WALTER SCOTT.

Music by HILDA WALLER.

Andante con espressione.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The tear down childhood cheek that

flows, — Is like the dewdrop on the rose; — When next the summer

breeze comes by, And waves the bush, and waves the bush, the flower is dry, — the

rall. e dim
flower, the flower — is — dry. —

fin.

“Sigh No More, Ladies.”

From Shakespeare's Comedy “Much Ado About Nothing.”

Dr. ARNE.

Allegro non troppo.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 8/8 time, featuring a lively melody with trills and triplets. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, and *mf*.

The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line. Dynamics include *f*, *p*, and *cresc.*

BARYTONE

1. Sigh no more, la - dies. la - dies sigh no more; la - dies sigh no more;
 2. Sing no more dit - ties, la - dies sing no more; la - dies sing no more; Of

The barytone vocal line begins with a triplet. The piano accompaniment is in a lower register, with dynamics *pp*, *f*, and *p*.

1. Men were de-cei-vers e-ver, Men — were de-cei-vers e-ver; One foot in sea and
 2. dumps so dull and hea-vy; Dumps — so dull and hea-vy; The fraud of men was

The vocal line continues with a triplet. The piano accompaniment features a *pp* dynamic.

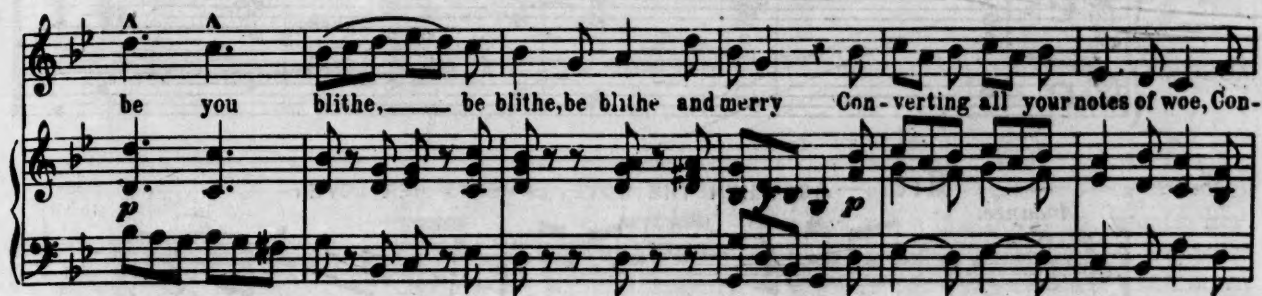
1 one on shore; To one thing con-stant ne-ver, To one thing constant ne-ver.
 2 e-ver so, Since summer first was lea-vy, Since sum-mer first was lea-vy.

The vocal line concludes with a triplet. The piano accompaniment includes dynamics *p* and *mf*.

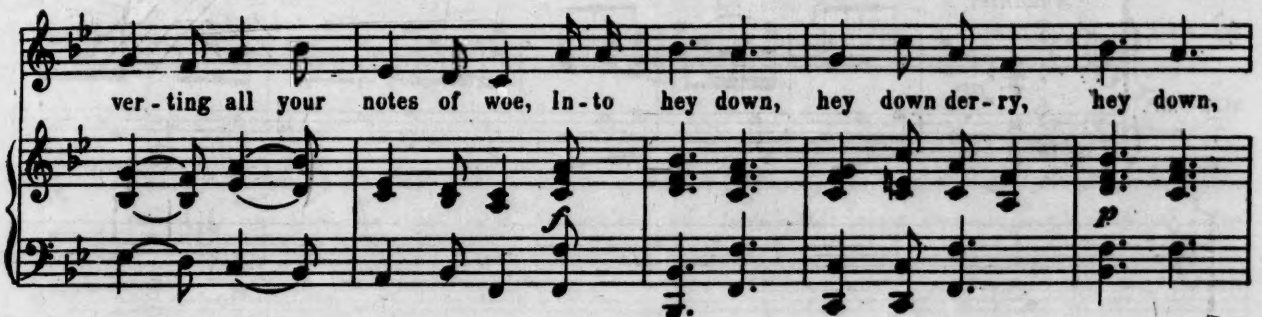
1.2. Then sigh not so, But let them go, And



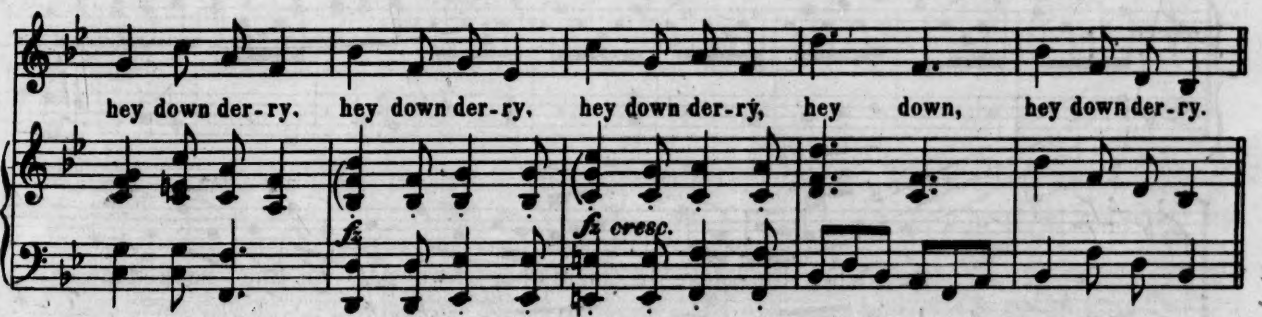
be you blithe, be blithe, be blithe and merry Con-verting all your notes of woe, Con-



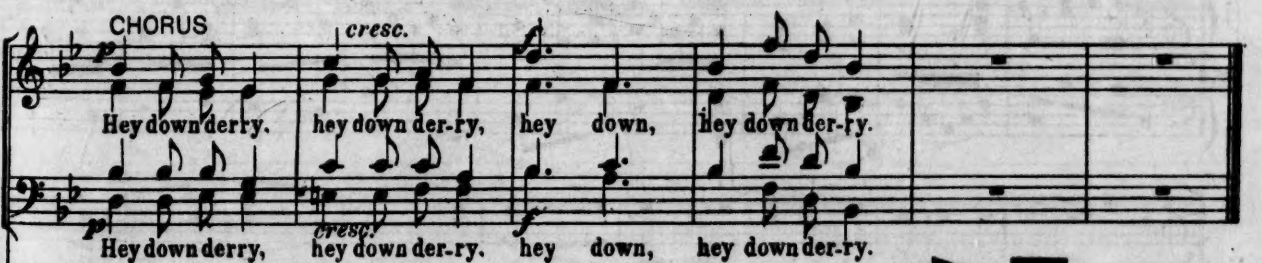
ver-ting all your notes of woe, In-to hey down, hey down der-ry, hey down,



hey down der-ry. hey down der-ry. hey down der-ry, hey down, hey down der-ry.



CHORUS
Hey down derry. hey down der-ry, hey down, hey down der-ry.



Hey down derry, hey down der-ry. hey down, hey down der-ry.



Recit. O Didst Thou Know.

(From *Acis*.)

HANDEL.

SOPRANO VOICE.

O didst thou know, the pains of absent love, A. cis wou'd ne'er from Ga. la. te. a. rove.

ACCOMP.

Air.—As WHEN THE DOVE, LAMENTS HER LOVE.

SOPRANO VOICE.

Andante.

As when the dove, La. ments her love, All on the na. ked spray;

(♩ = 112.)

Andante.

ACCOMP.

pp

As when the dove la. ments her love, All on the na. ked spray;

When he returns, No more she mourns, But loves the live-long



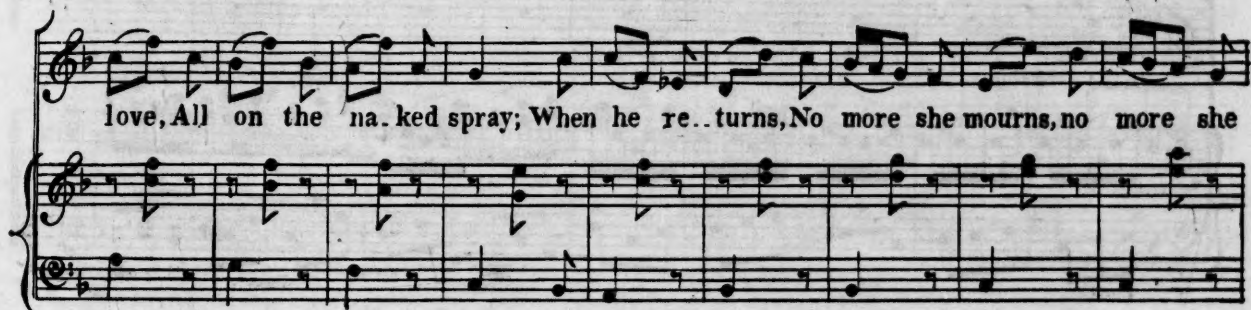
day....., But loves the live-long day.

This system features a vocal melody in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a long note on 'day' followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appears in the piano part.



As when the dove, la..ments her

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a more complex texture with sixteenth-note runs in the right hand. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present in the piano part.



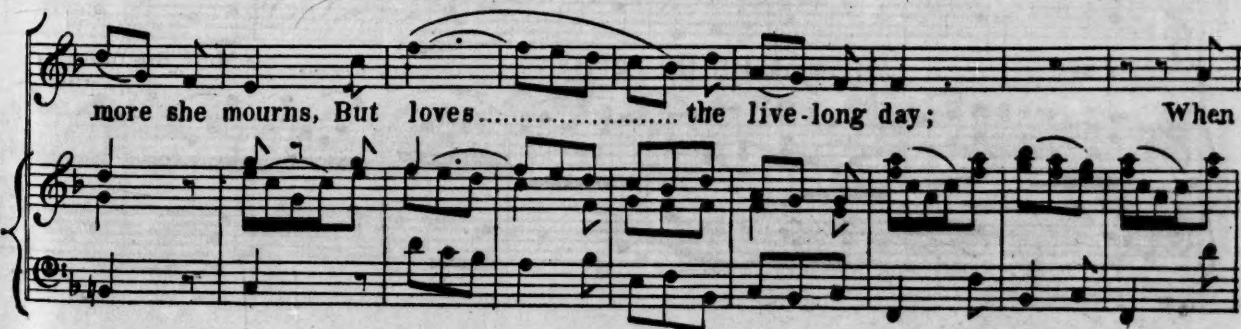
love, All on the na..ked spray; When he re..turns, No more she mourns, no more she

The third system shows the vocal line continuing with a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous systems.



mourns; no, no, no, When he returns, no

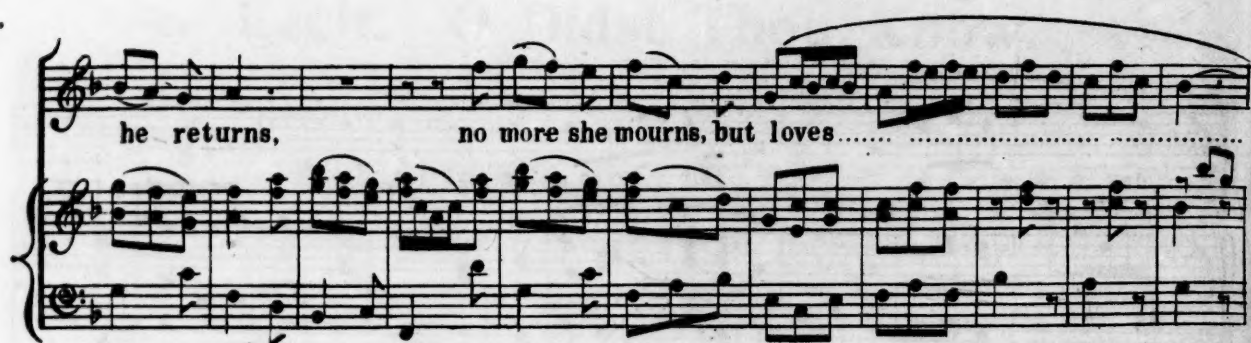
The fourth system features a vocal line with a long note on 'no' and a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic patterns.



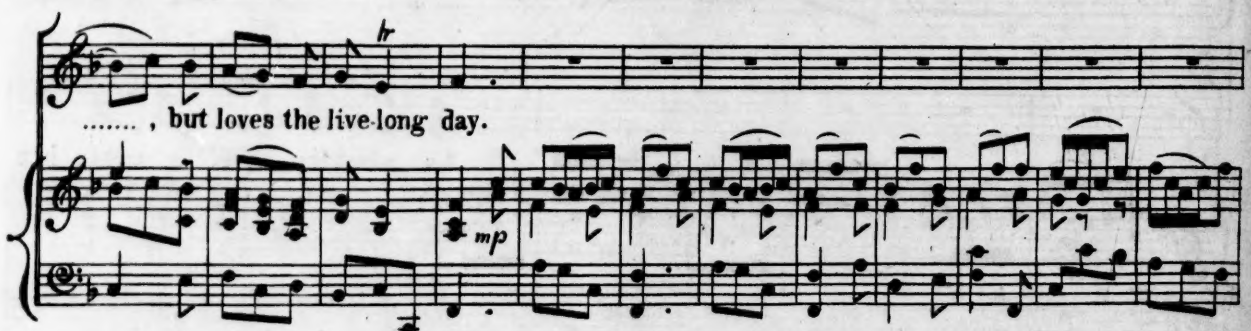
more she mourns, But loves..... the live-long day; When

The fifth system concludes the page with a vocal line that includes a long note on 'day' and a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic patterns.

he returns, no more she mourns, but loves.....



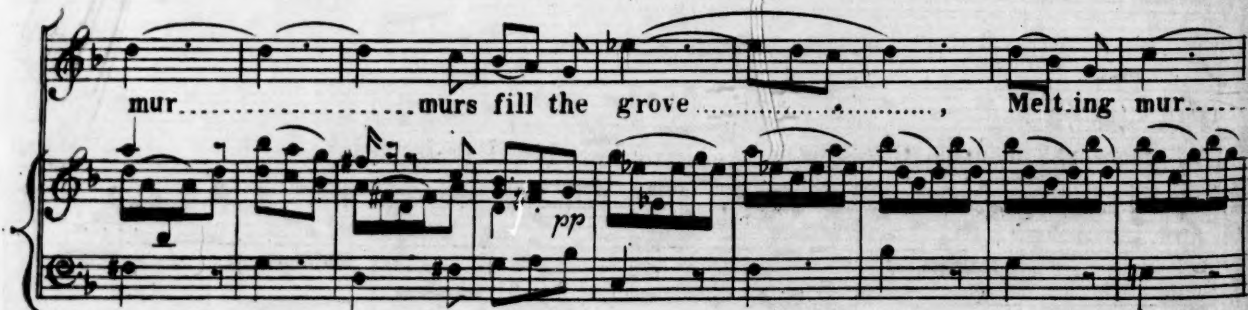
....., but loves the live-long day.



Bil-ling, coo-ing, Panting, woo-ing, Melt-ing



mur.....murs fill the grove....., Melt-ing mur.....



..... murs, last..ing love. Melt.ing mur.murs fill the grove, Melt.ing

mur.murs, last.ing love. Bil.ling, coo.ing, Pant.ing, woo.ing,

Melt.ing mur.murs fill the grove, Melting mur....murs, lasting

love.

As

D.C. al Segno.

Children's Piece.

MINUET.

(From the Sonata, Op. 6.)

MENDELSSOHN.

Moderato. (♩ = 144.)

p sempre staccato e leggiero

The musical score is written for piano and violin. The piano part is in the left hand, and the violin part is in the right hand. The tempo is Moderato, with a quarter note equal to 144 beats per minute. The key signature is one flat (F major). The score is divided into five systems. The first system includes a key signature change from one flat to two flats (D minor). The piano part is marked 'p sempre staccato e leggiero'. The violin part is marked 'p' in the third system. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings.

* Original key: Fsharp minor.



Andante con moto.

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *dim.*, *pp*, *p*. Includes fingerings and articulation marks.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes fingerings and articulation marks.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *p*. Includes fingerings and articulation marks.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *dim.*. Includes fingerings and articulation marks.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *p*. Includes fingerings and articulation marks.

Sixth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *p*, *pp*. Includes fingerings and articulation marks.

MENDELSSOHN.

Con espressione. (♩ = 126.)

*)

mf

p

This musical score is for a piece titled "The Merry Widow" (No. 10), featuring a melody by Franz Lehár and piano accompaniment by Josef Weinberger. The score is written for piano and includes a variety of musical notations such as treble and bass staves, dynamic markings (f, p), and fingerings. The piece is in 3/4 time and consists of 10 measures. The notation includes a key signature of one flat (B-flat), a tempo marking of "Allegretto", and a dynamic marking of "f" (forte) at the beginning. The score is presented in a single system with a repeat sign at the end.

[illegible][illegible]

ri - tar - dan do *

ri . tar . dan . do * * *

**) Original key: E major.



Venetian Gondellied.

VOLONCELLO PART.

MENDELSSOHN.

Andante con moto

musical score for Violoncello Part, featuring various dynamics (p, f, mf, pp, cresc., dimin., scherzand., e morend.) and articulations (gliss., V).

Venetian Gondellied.

MEDELSSOHN.

Andante con moto.

Andante con moto.

The musical score is written for piano and violin. The piano part is in 6/8 time, and the violin part is in 6/8 time. The score is divided into five systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a key signature of one flat and a tempo of 'Andante con moto.' The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system introduces a 'p dolce' (piano dolce) section. The fourth system features a 'sempre p' (sempre piano) section. The fifth system concludes the piece with a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking. Various performance instructions are included throughout the score, such as 'dimin.' (diminuendo), 'espress' (espressivo), and 'Ped.' (pedal). The score is printed on a single page with a decorative border.

dimin.

Ped. *

p dolce

p

dolce

espress 3 5

sempre p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

cresc.

cresc.

p

mf scherzand. sf dolce

mf scherzand. p sf p sempre p

p sf p f dimin. p dolce

p sf p f dimin. p

Ped. *

dimin. sf

dimin. sf

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

dimin. e morend. pp

dimin. e morend. pp

Nocturne.

Lento. (Harm.) F. Chopin, Op. 32. N° 2.

Pianoforte.

sempre piano e legato







Appassionato.





Nocturne.

HARMONIUM PART.

Lento.

F. Chopin, Op.32.Nº 2.

Harmonium.

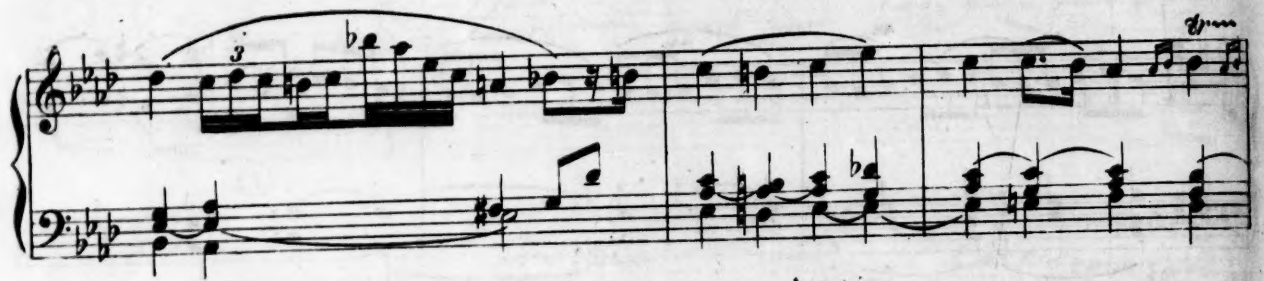
[illegible]





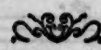
Appassionato.







Grande Polonaise Brillante,



PRECEDED BY ANDANTE SPIANATO.

A MME. LA BARONNE D'EST.

With Orchestral Accompaniment.

Andante spianato. $\text{♩} = 69$.

Tranquillo.

F. Chopin, Op. 22.

The musical score is presented in a system of six staves, each consisting of a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The score begins with a piano (pp) dynamic marking and a tempo of 69 beats per minute. The first staff features a series of chords and arpeggios, with the instruction "sempre legato" written below. The second staff includes the marking "dolce" and "poco cresc.". The third staff continues the arpeggiated pattern. The fourth staff also includes "dolce" and "poco cresc.". The fifth staff features a more complex melodic line with the marking "delicato" and "dolciss.". The sixth staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking and continues the arpeggiated pattern. The score is written in a clear, elegant hand, typical of 19th-century musical notation.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of six systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures (one sharp), and various musical markings such as *p* (piano), *dim.* (diminuendo), *cresc.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), *a tempo*, *delicatissimo*, and *rallent.* (rallentando). The score features complex rhythmic patterns, including triplets and sixteenth notes, and is marked with fingerings (1-5) and breath marks. The manuscript is written in ink on aged paper.

First system of musical notation. The right hand features a complex, rapid melodic line with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo marking *accelerando* is written above the right hand.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with rapid passages, including some triplet markings. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. Performance markings include *e cresc.* (and crescendo) below the left hand, *f riten.* (forte ritardando) below the right hand, and *p leggerissimo* (pianissimo, very light) below the right hand. The tempo marking *a tempo* is written above the right hand.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand features intricate fingerings, with numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 written above the notes. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand continues with rapid, flowing passages. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand features rapid passages with fingerings indicated by numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The marking *sempre dim.* (sempre diminuendo) is written below the left hand.

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand features rapid passages with fingerings indicated by numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. The left hand continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The marking *ppp* (pianississimo) is written below the right hand.

Semplice*

First system of musical notation for 'Semplice'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The music features a melody in the treble clef with various ornaments and a bass line with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking *p* and the instruction *legato* are present.

Second system of musical notation for 'Semplice'. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, ties, and ornaments.

Third system of musical notation for 'Semplice'. It concludes the 'Semplice' section with a final cadence. The notation includes a *dim. e rit.* marking and a repeat sign.

Tempo I.

First system of musical notation for 'Tempo I.'. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 8/8. The music is characterized by a fast, rhythmic melody in the treble clef and a bass line with chords. A dynamic marking *pp* is present.

Second system of musical notation for 'Tempo I.'. It continues the fast, rhythmic melody and bass line. The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, ties, and ornaments.

Third system of musical notation for 'Tempo I.'. It concludes the 'Tempo I.' section with a final cadence. The notation includes a *sempre dim.* marking and a repeat sign.

* Klindworth's metronome mark in this place is

più dimin.

ppp *rit.*

POLONAISE.
Allegro molto. ♩ = 126.
TUTTI.

f *cresc.*

più cresc. *ritenuto*

Meno mosso. (♩ = 96)
SOLO.

dolce e sostenuto

cresc.

Handwritten musical score for piano, featuring six systems of music. The notation includes treble and bass staves with various musical symbols, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Dynamic markings and performance instructions include:

- f* (forte)
- p* (piano)
- leggiere* (light)
- cresc.* (crescendo)
- ten.* (tension)
- delicatissimo* (very delicate)
- dim.* (diminuendo)
- dolce* (sweet)
- leggiere* (light)

The score is marked with fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) and includes a circular stamp at the bottom center reading "BRITISH MUSEUM 4 FE96".

rinf.

Two staves of music. The upper staff contains a melodic line with many accidentals and slurs. The lower staff contains a bass line with chords and some single notes. There are asterisks and 'Ped.' markings below the staves.

Two staves of music. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff has a bass line with chords. A 'decresc.' marking is present above the lower staff. Asterisks and 'Ped.' markings are at the bottom.

poco rit. *a tempo*

Two staves of music. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff has a bass line with chords. A 'poco rit.' marking is above the upper staff, and 'a tempo' is above the lower staff. Asterisks and 'Ped.' markings are at the bottom.

dolce *pp*

Two staves of music. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff has a bass line with chords. A 'dolce' marking is above the upper staff, and 'pp' is above the lower staff. Asterisks and 'Ped.' markings are at the bottom.

Two staves of music. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff has a bass line with chords. Asterisks and 'Ped.' markings are at the bottom.

rit. *leggierissimo*

Two staves of music. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff has a bass line with chords. A 'rit.' marking is above the upper staff, and 'leggierissimo' is above the lower staff. Asterisks and 'Ped.' markings are at the bottom.

First system of musical notation, featuring piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics, and a tempo marking of 8.

Second system of musical notation, featuring piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics, and a tempo marking of 8.

Third system of musical notation, featuring piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics, and a tempo marking of 8.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics, and a tempo marking of 8.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics, and a tempo marking of 8.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring piano (p) and forte (f) dynamics, and a tempo marking of 8.



con anima

dolce

p

cello

173-178

Musical score for "The Rose Tree" in 3/4 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody in the treble staff includes fingerings (1-4, 2-4, 3-2, 3) and a final measure with a 5. The bass staff includes a piano (*p*) marking and a final measure with a 5. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a melody with many accidentals and a piano accompaniment with chords and arpeggiated figures. The word "dolce" is written above the piano part in the second system. The score is divided into two systems by a double bar line.

8

f con fuoco

1 2

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody with a long, sweeping slur over the first two measures. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a style typical of early 20th-century sheet music.

con forza

meno *f*

pespress.

dim. pp

schersando

cresc.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a complex melodic line with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes, including triplets and slurs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Fingering numbers (1-5) are present above the treble staff. A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is located below the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a *f* (forte) dynamic and a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. It features a dense texture of chords and moving lines. A *dim.* (diminuendo) marking is present, followed by a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. Fingering numbers are visible above the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff shows a continuation of the complex melodic patterns with many beamed notes and slurs. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment. Fingering numbers are present above the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. It contains dense chordal textures and moving lines. A *p* (piano) dynamic is marked. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. Fingering numbers are present above the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with many beamed notes and slurs. The bass staff has a steady accompaniment. Fingering numbers are present above the treble staff.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. It contains dense chordal textures and moving lines. A *poco riten. e dim.* (poco ritardando e diminuendo) marking is present. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. Fingering numbers are present above the treble staff.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of six systems of staves. The notation includes complex rhythmic patterns, dynamic markings, and tempo changes.

Key markings and dynamics include:

- a tempo* (first system)
- f* (first system)
- fz* (second system)
- ff* (third system)
- dim.* (fourth system)
- a tempo* (fifth system)
- rit.* (fifth system)

The score features various musical notations such as notes, rests, beams, and slurs, indicating a complex and expressive piece.

First system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A *cresc.* (crescendo) marking is present above the treble staff. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melodic development. The bass staff includes a *leggiero* (light) marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. A *f* (forte) marking appears in the middle of the system. The notation includes various articulations and slurs.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff shows a continuation of the melodic line. The bass staff features a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The musical texture remains consistent with the previous systems.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff includes a *ten.* (tenuto) marking. The bass staff has a *f* (forte) dynamic marking. The notation includes various articulations and slurs.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff includes a *delicatissimo* (very delicate) and *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The notation includes various articulations and slurs.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff includes a *dolce* (sweet) marking. The bass staff continues the harmonic accompaniment. The notation includes various articulations and slurs.

5 *leggiere*

rinf

decresc.

poco rit.

a tempo

dolce pp *dolcissimo*

p

leggerissimo

rit.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). A first ending bracket is present above the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features similar melodic and harmonic textures. Dynamics include *p* (piano). A first ending bracket is present above the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff has a more active melodic line. Dynamics include *cresc.* (crescendo) and *più f* (more forte). First ending brackets are present above the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The music continues with a mix of melodic and harmonic elements. Dynamics include *f* (forte). First ending brackets are present above the treble staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a dense, rhythmic texture. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *ff* (fortissimo). The section is marked *TUTTI.* and *SOLO. risoluto*. First ending brackets are present above the treble staff.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff has a melodic line with some grace notes. Dynamics include *leggiere* (light) and *meno f* (less forte). First ending brackets are present above the treble staff.

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of six systems of staves. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures (three flats), and various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Key markings and dynamics include:

- leggiere* (first system, right hand)
- meno f* (first system, left hand)
- p* (first system, right hand)
- cresc.* (third system, right hand)
- molto cresc.* (fourth system, right hand)

The score features complex passages with many beamed notes and slurs, indicating rapid and intricate playing. There are also some fingerings indicated by numbers 1-5.



8. *leggiere*
meno f

First system of a piano score. The right hand features a rapid, flowing sixteenth-note melody with slurs and ties. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo and dynamics are marked as *leggiere* and *meno f*. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

leggiere
meno f

Second system of the piano score. The right hand continues the rapid sixteenth-note melody. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and moving lines. The tempo and dynamics are marked as *leggiere* and *meno f*.

leggiere
p

Third system of the piano score. The right hand continues the rapid sixteenth-note melody. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and moving lines. The tempo is marked as *leggiere* and the dynamics as *p* (piano).

Fourth system of the piano score. The right hand continues the rapid sixteenth-note melody. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and moving lines. The tempo and dynamics are marked as *leggiere* and *meno f*.

cresc. *molto cresc.*

Fifth system of the piano score. The right hand continues the rapid sixteenth-note melody. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and moving lines. The tempo and dynamics are marked as *cresc.* and *molto cresc.*

Sixth system of the piano score. The right hand continues the rapid sixteenth-note melody. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and moving lines. The tempo and dynamics are marked as *cresc.* and *molto cresc.*

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The piano part features a prominent bass line with a "cresc." (crescendo) marking. The melody is simple and catchy, with a chorus that repeats. The score includes a title "The Rose Tree" and a subtitle "A Song for the Children". The lyrics are written below the voice staff.

The image shows a musical score for a piano piece. It features two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The tempo/mood is marked 'TUTTI.' in a large, bold, serif font. The score is divided into two sections: 'TUTTI.' and 'SOLO.'. The 'TUTTI.' section begins with a forte dynamic 'ff' and a 'cresc.' (crescendo) marking. The 'SOLO.' section begins with a forte dynamic 'f' and a 'cresc.' marking. The music is written in a complex, rhythmic style with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The score is enclosed in a decorative, hand-drawn border.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score consists of two systems. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with many triplets and sixteenth notes. The vocal melody is simple and catchy, with a few triplets. The score is written in a clear, legible font.

A musical score for a piano piece, likely from the film 'The Merry Widow'. The score is written on two staves, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is characterized by rapid sixteenth-note passages, often grouped in fours or threes, and is heavily ornamented with trills and grace notes. The accompaniment in the left hand consists of a steady eighth-note bass line. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

A handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music is written in a style characteristic of the late 19th or early 20th century, with complex, rapid passages. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The music is characterized by dense, rapid passages, often with slurs and dynamic markings such as 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The notation includes many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes, suggesting a fast tempo. The paper shows signs of age, including discoloration and some wear at the edges.

This image shows a handwritten musical score for a piano and organ. The score is written on two staves, with the piano part on the left and the organ part on the right. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The organ part features a prominent, repeated rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The piano part includes various musical notations, including slurs and dynamic markings like 'ff' (fortissimo). The manuscript is written in ink on aged, slightly discolored paper.



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